



9 771745 916024

Issue 38 Sept/Oct 2010 £3.95

Little White Lies

Truth & Lies



Carlos



1642

No.

1378

€54.99

**“EACH
OF OUR
BULLETS
HAS THE
POWER OF
AN IDEA.”**








Carlos

CAN OLIVIER ASSAYAS
REVEAL THE MAN
OBSCURED BY THE MYTH
OF CARLOS THE JACKAL?

Directed by *Olivier Assayas*
Starring *Édgar Ramírez, Nora von Waldstätten, Christoph Bock*
Released *October 22*

A monochromatic red photograph of a man and a woman in a close embrace. The man is on the left, leaning towards the woman on the right. The woman has her eyes closed and a serene expression. The lighting is soft, creating a romantic and intimate atmosphere. The entire image is bathed in a deep red color.

"THIS IS THE STORY
OF THE MAN WHO
FOUND HIMSELF AT
THE INTERSECTION
OF HISTORY, WHEN
THE FUTURE WAS
BALANCED ON THE
SCALES OF POWER
AND POSSIBILITY."



he history of left-wing radicalism is being written by the vanquished. It's the story of a defeated generation pieced together from prison cells and safe houses. It's a fractured narrative of violence and politics, resistance and revolution. It's compelling, seductive and dangerous. In truth, it's many different stories entangled in a complex web of agendas and ideologies. But at the center is the gravitational influence of El Ché: Ramon Sancha, better known as Carlos the Jackal.

Born into a communist family in Venezuela and originally named in honour of Lenin, Carlos was an earnest child. He was educated in the London School of Economics and trained in guerrilla warfare in Cuba. He claimed to have joined the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine in 1959, and spent the next quarter of a century engaged in an urban campaign against capitalism, Zionism and western imperialism, turning Europe into a proxy battleground for the Middle East.

Carlos and his associates bombed newspaper offices in Paris and banks in London. They attacked the French embassy in West Berlin and fired rockets at Israeli planes in Galt. But it was a raid on OPEC—the Organization of the Petroleum Exporting Countries—in Vienna in December 1975 that saw Carlos turn terrorist into political dancer. Leading a gang of six PFLP militants, he took 60 hostages, commandeered the Austrian television network and eventually flew in Italy to Tripoli. After Vienna, Carlos the Jackal was no longer a terrorist—he was a star.

So it's telling that *Oliver Assayas'* muscular biography should centre itself on his first name only. This isn't the story of the mythological left hero. This is the story of the man who found himself at the intersection of history, when the future was balanced on the scales of power and possibility.

Assayas is attempting to restore, if not impartial, then self-aware. The film opens with a title card acknowledging that much of Carlos' life remains a mystery. The director has filled in the gaps with an imaginative account of history, following Carlos on his journey through the radical underground from Europe to Palestine, Libya, Iraq, Lebanon, South Africa, Jordan. ▶

Yemen, Algeria and Sudan. Here he crosses paths with a bewildering array of political figures and intelligence officers as he gradually evolves from a covert operative to a political reformer after the fall of the Berlin Wall and the defeat of global communism.

By necessity rather than design, the story of *Carlos* is a shaggy history of the Cold War. It's a monumental undertaking for a filmmaker, one that *Assayas* originally deemed too big for cinema. This 164-minute theatrical cut is just a taste of the five-and-a-half-hour version that ran on French TV and closed the Cannes Film Festival in May. And although a common enough detail to fill an extra paper on international relations, the plot does show *Assayas* help us keep track of names, dates and places that would otherwise become confusing (and occasionally do so). But the

"ASSAYAS CAN'T HELP BUT ASSEMBLE THE FILM WITH A MECHANISTIC QUALITY."

repeated tactic of fading to black between scenes creates the impression that *Assayas*—alongside editors Luc Besson and Marion Motte—has simply dumped various moments of the film onto a cutting room floor.

What we're left with is a biopic that provides a notable contrast to other films that revisit the era. Though *Carlos* can't help but evince a certain radical chic—all whiskey, cigarettes, leather jackets and subterfuge—it avoids the garish glamorization of Eli Roth's *The Haster Method* or *Complex*, a film that was unapologetic by machine guns and mindsets. But if *Assayas* often the more serious investigation of the revolutionary impulse, directly addressing the seductive qualities of the terrorist lifestyle, "to brush against danger but never touch it," as *Carlos* puts it, his film also suffers for it. *Carlos* lacks the energy and obsession that informed

Jean-François Richet's *Marseille*—a film that dominated the contest to focus ruthlessly on character.

Part of that can be attributed to the fact that there's simply no much plot to narrate. We join *Carlos* in his early days in Paris, the communist soldier whose idea of glory lay "in the duty accomplished in silence, for the sole satisfaction of acting in total agreement with our conscience, working for a universal cause." We see him kill for the first time, murdering two French agents and a Lebanese informant in cold blood. We follow him to the Yemen training camps of the PFLP and from there across the world and back through the OPEC spectacle and Saddam's Iraq to the brightened, faded days shouting back and forth across an unwelcoming Middle East. But *Assayas* can't help but assemble the film with a mechanistic ➤





quality – at times it feels more like a lecture than a living, breathing piece of cinema.

An over-stuffed narrative is the inevitable by-product of the film's meandering from smalls crimes to large. More problematic is the issue of Victorien's actor Edgar Ramirez as the central role of Carlos himself. Despite his impressive physicality – gaining and losing weight dramatically to embody Carlos' narcissism and the uneasy straddling of sex and violence that defined him as a character – Ramirez simply isn't magnetic enough to drag you with him through the long stretches where introspection and exposition take the place of action. For all his commitment, Ramirez is no Vincent Cassel.

And yet there's no useful lie to admire about *Carlos*. At its best, it possesses a clarity and intensity that lend the film an unsentimental edge. The OPEC suit in particular reveals both the cynicism and the brutality that underpinned so much of the radical left's rhetoric about freedom and justice. These were local verities played out on a global scale, with a callous disregard for the value of human life. And yet there's something about the era that seems almost quaint in hindsight. "I'm a soldier, not a martyr," says Carlos in a rebuke to his FFLP handlers that has an ominous resonance.

In the end, Carlos became a relic of luxury. He had been a tool, sold out for his usefulness but blinded by vanity. As reflected in Ramirez's tired eyes,

his fire could almost be regret (as for the destruction he left behind – and the destruction he might have caused had he been free to see the resurgence of Islamic terrorism).

Amigos has created a hope: that neither Balthazar nor *Carlos* is a lack-in-guison is makes up an ambition, but the very scale of the task is prohibitive. Despite the abundance of historical detail, there is the nagging sense that something is missing, some small moment scraps those great events that might have unlocked the interior life of a complex and mysterious man. As it is, both Rich Ramirez Sánchez and the *Judal* remain an enigma.

Anticipation. Granted the honour of closing the 2010 Cannes Film Festival. They don't give that away for peanuts.

4

Engagement. An imaginative but exhausting study of a man who embodied the shifting sands of history.

3

In Retrospect. Illuminating rather than compelling. Perhaps the five-and-a-half-hour DVD will reveal exactly what is missing.

3

**IF CARLOS HAS
UNLEASHED YOUR
INNER ANARCHIST,
EMBRACE THE
REBEL SPIRIT WITH
THESE ALTERNATIVE
RADICAL CLASSICS.**



***The Battle of Algiers* (1966)**

Directed by **Gillo Pontecorvo**

An understated classic, *The Battle of Algiers* is less a film than a handbook for armed resistance, so accurate today that a special screening was held in the White House on the eve of the Iraq invasion. Blending in many of the same locations where, only a handful of years earlier, Algeria's National Liberation Front (FLN) had plotted the battles that ultimately drove the French occupiers out of their country, director Gillo Pontecorvo captures the immediacy and the brutality of urban warfare at its most unglorious. Assisted by producer and technical advisor Salah Yousfi, an FLN personality in the 1954 uprising, no detail is spared — from the tactics of Algerian nationalists to the indiscriminate reprisals that killed men, women and children alike.

***La Chinoise* (1967)**

Directed by **Jean-Luc Godard**

Anticipating both the student riots that would set the streets of Paris alight, and the Weathermen movement in America, this rare Greenwich Village swarthman turned into bomb-making fanaticism, *La Chinoise* is an original example of Jean-Luc Godard's avant-garde antics. Formally inventive, self-reflexive and politically pyrotechnic, the film follows a group of five Marxist militants in a Parisian apartment as they talk themselves into taking up arms for the cause. Unlike his recent *Nos Sentiments*, *La Chinoise* finds Godard perfectly balancing seriousness, self-examination and anarchic suggestions, aided and abetted by a fine performance from Euzhan Franko as a young philosophy student intent on violence. This is a seminal moment in the cinema of Europe's Old Left.

***One Day in September* (1970)**

Directed by **Kevin Macdonald**

At the time, Carlos the Jackal was famed to defy his adversaries in the extraordinary hostage situation that unfolded at the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich. Palestinian militants from Black September killed 11 Israeli athletes and a German police officer after a hostage situation descended into violence. The Israeli response, Operation Wrath of God, would later be dramatized in Steven Spielberg's *Munich*, but it is Kevin Macdonald's sober and powerful documentary that is the more moving film. Thoroughly researched and edited with the pacing and fluency of a thriller, *One Day in September* is a riveting account of a historical moment whose implications were felt around the world.

***Terror's Advocate* (2007)**

Directed by **Barbet Schroeder**

It's the tale of all revolutionaries in face death or glory. Okay, not all. Some of them get captured by the authorities, and when that happens they need legal representation. Enter Jacques Vergès, whose attorney for everybody from Algeria's FLN to the PLO, via the Klaus Barbie, 56-year-old Klaus Barbie and even Carlos the Jackal. Carlos has a chapter all to himself in Barbet Schroeder's 2007 documentary, an extended interview with the devil in disguise, a cage-matching charmer whose life has been every bit as dramatic as the men and women he represents. Examining the last half-century of terrorism, it's a fascinating, often creepy tale that the director approaches with the dramatic respect of fiction.

***The Baader Meinhof Complex* (2008)**

Directed by **Uli Edel**

German director Uli Edel locates the red sexual revolution in the radical underground of 1970s Germany, where subtle Euro chicks and smoky-eyed young men took up arms in the name of, well, something or other. The series of these cells was the Red Army Faction which, in between live love and all night parties, dined down to sub leaders and hit politicians. This three-hour epic may contain a heinous gore, but it is also an effective account of the workings of urban terrorism, born personified by fearless radical Andrea Baader (Moritz Bleibner), and her intellectual weight by the setting (much of a from person) of former journalist Ulrike Meinhof (Mareen Giedde).

für die Bilanzierung

[illegible]

For information
TRANSIT FILM

The **Masters of Cinema** Series



**IN CINEMAS
ACROSS THE
UK & IRELAND
FROM 10.09.10**

FULL DETAILS AT:
www.metropolis1927.com

The restored version gives more depth and new meaning to the cult movie — Lang's bizarre sci-fi dystopian fairytale now looks bigger, grander, sadder and more fascinating than ever! — THE CANONIAN

SUNDAY 17 OCTOBER

THE MICHAEL NYMAN BAND

NYMAN
WITH A
MOVIE
CAMERA

+
THE GLARE
WITH DAVID
MCALMONT

The UK premiere of *Nyman With A Movie Camera*, a feature film by Michael Nyman, screened with a live performance of his score by the Michael Nyman Band.

The film presents a shot-by-shot reconstruction of Dziga Vertov's iconic film, *Man with a Movie Camera*, replacing the original sequences with footage from Michael Nyman's own film archives shot over the last two decades.

Deeply rooted in Vertov's original ideas concerned with the perception of truth and with the documentation of life caught unawares, Nyman's film attempts to capture the essence of our contemporary times through the lens of his own camera, creating a multi-sensory experience of time as it occurs and of life as it happens. The footage is recorded by first-hand observation and delivers an unscripted visual transcription of every day life as recently documented by the composer in a collection of over 50 cinematographic works.

NYMAN
BAND

This project is coupled with the critically acclaimed song cycle *The Glare*, which features the Band and soul singer David McAlmont. For this project, McAlmont has written new songs based on contemporary news stories over pre-existing Nyman compositions. McAlmont's subject matter explores pertinent subjects as varied as 21st century piracy, reality television and banking errors. The result is *The Glare*, a startling, beautiful and extraordinary record.

michaelnyman.com

To book
020 7638 8891 / barbican.org.uk

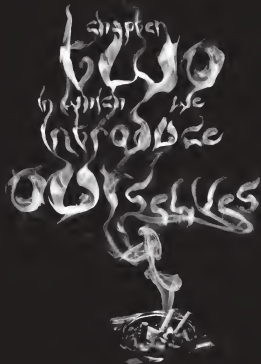


Join our e-list
serious.org.uk



Supported by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**

From now on,
terrorism is going
to be a daily part of
the landscape of your
rotting democracies.
Carlos the Jackal



Edgier:
What is it you love about movies?

Olivier Assayas:
It's you know, of course very difficult to answer but it's difficult for everybody, I suppose I love a lot about movies - it's what my life is about. I think that the chance you have to give life, to give body and flesh to characters you have imagined, or to see a scene to life in front of your eyes things that you have imagined, dreams or fantasies - and getting paid for it... There is something that has to do with art, something that has to do with magic, and which has, I suppose, a metaphysical dimension. Movies have to do with the very thin bond between realities and dreams, between facts and imagination, between what you are and what you could be, between reality and how you transcend it. And ultimately all those lines end up blurring. In film after film, movies take you to pretty weird places and it's something you can share with an audience. Movies occupy a unique place in our world.

Edgar Ramirez:
What is it I love about movies? Wow. It's funny because when you do movies you don't think that much about it. I mean... wow, what do I love about movies? I love the ability that the camera has to go places in storytelling that probably no other form of narration can, you know? There are places where the camera can go, where the vision of the director can go, that no other form of narrative can. And it's so beautiful when somebody proposes a unique and singular point of view. Point of view is what I love about movies - the opportunity to show a single, unique point of view on reality and human emotions.



Smart, personal and wonderful



Publisher
Danny Miller
danny@thechurchoflondon.com



Editor
Matt Buchardt
matt@thechurchoflondon.com



General Secretaries
Rob Longworth & Paul Wiltonghy
rob@thechurchoflondon.com



Accounts Editor
Jonathan Crocker
jonathan@thechurchoflondon.com



Website Director
Alex Capen
alex@thechurchoflondon.com



Website Editor
Adam Woodhead
adam@thechurchoflondon.com



Designer
Anna Dunn
anna@thechurchoflondon.com



IT/Director
Tom Hayman
tom@thechurchoflondon.com



Editorial Assistant
Liz Haycraft



Contributing Editors
James Beardsley, Mike Bony, Ellen E Jones, Simon Kells, Andrea Kaufman, Kevin Mahony, Dan Newman, Jonathan Williams



Design Assistants
Evett Lafferty, Angus MacFarlane

Words, pictures, thanks

Brian Ackland, King Aids, Dorothy Baskins, Henry Barnes, Kyle Becking, James Beardsley, Anton Bird, Mitch Bloor, Kay Buchwald, Laurence Evans, Dan Hargreaves, Laura Finkoff, Andrew Goppe, Sam Greenman, Maryn Guttery, Adam Lea, Steven, Paul Fawcrough, Neil Fitteroff, Alan Glazby, Jason Goodwin, Georgia Hadden, Shelley Jones, James King, Elliott Kunk, Kingsley Marshall, James Nick, Spencer Murphy, Lee Oates, Mia Oliveros, Cyrus Shadash, Oliver Smith, Jonathan Spain, Emma Tildley, Sergey Tsvetkov, Jon Wexler, Paul Fardon, Josh Wincing, Steve Wilson, Jason Wood, Jeremy Zambon



Accounts Publisher
Vince Madeline
vince@thechurchoflondon.com



Marketing & Distribution Manager
Anna Hayman
anna@thechurchoflondon.com



Advertising Director
Stephen Pridemore
steph@thechurchoflondon.com



Advertising Manager
Dean Finkler
dean@thechurchoflondon.com

Published by
The Church of London
84 Horse Lane
London EC2A 4BA
044 201 201 728 7075

Distributed by
COMAG Specialist
Trenwick Works
Trenwick Road, West Drayton
Middlesex UB8 3PX
0181 606 6070 / 0181 606 6071

Subscriptions enquiries
shop@thechurchoflondon.com
+
Cover illustration by **Steve Wilson**

The articles appearing within this publication reflect the opinions and not values of their respective authors and are not necessarily those of the publishers or editorial team.

Made with paper from sustainable sources.

0100 is published bi-monthly twice a year

ISSN 1743-6246

© 2008 London 2009

THE DETROIT JACKET



Tommy Hilgert

carhartt.

WWW.CARHARTT-WP.COM

© 2005 CLO. 100% COTTON. CARHARTT AND CARHARTT LOGO ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF CARHARTT, INC. MADE IN USA.



SUBSCRIBER SECTION



LWLies is published six times a year, and distributed around Imperial Britain and its American outpost. Subscribe at www.littlewhitelies.co.uk and you'll get a year's worth of copies delivered to your door for only £18. You'll also receive:



ACCESS TO THE
DIGITAL EDITION
OF *LWLIES*
ON THE DAY THAT
IT HITS SHELVES



YOUR OWN
PERSONAL LOGIN
TO DOWNLOAD
ARTWORK
AND STUFF

What's more, you can take advantage
of these special offers from our friends:

LOVEFILM

LOVEFILM

SUBSCRIBERS GET A 30-DAY FREE
TRIAL AND TWO FREE CINEMA TICKETS



BFI

SUBSCRIBERS GET 45 OFF
YEARLY BFI MEMBERSHIP

STACK

STACK MAGAZINES

SUBSCRIBERS GET 45 OFF
YEARLY STACK SUBSCRIPTION



PICTUREHOUSE CINEMAS

SUBSCRIBERS GET 15 MONTHS
MEMBERSHIP FOR THE PRICE OF 12

Shooting People

SHOOTING PEOPLE

SUBSCRIBERS GET 30% OFF
SHOOTERS MEMBERSHIP

#theauteurs

THE AUTEURS

SUBSCRIBERS CAN WATCH ONE MOVIE
AT THEAUTEURS.COM FOR FREE

barbican

THE BARBICAN

SUBSCRIBERS GET 45 OFF
YEARLY BARBICAN MEMBERSHIP



CINÉMOI

SUBSCRIBERS CAN ENJOY A 3-DAY
FREE TRIAL ON SKY CHANNEL 340



KANE & LYNCH
DOG DAYS



GAMING'S MOST NOTORIOUS

KaneandLynch.com



XBOX 360





5TH BIRTHDAY PARTY

Fairy lights, badges, postcards, people and booze. *LW Lies'* fifth birthday party went off in style.



Grolsch



LW Lies took over The Pinnas Carving Factory in Dalston, East London, for a huge party to celebrate our fifth birthday in July. Grolsch provided the beer, Harman Club provided the rum, and several hundred friends of the magazine provided the good times. We spent 24 hours decorating the warehouse space with lights, well-used magazine covers and industrial fans, but it was totally worth it to see everyone drinking and dancing all night long. Thanks to all those who came along and made it such a great birthday.

JOACHIM
PHOENIX

ZIMMERMAN WAS HERE

CARTER



CASEY AFFLECK



MAGNOLIA PICTURES PRESENTS A JOACHIM PHOENIX FILM

JOACHIM PHOENIX
WRITTEN AND PRODUCED BY JOACHIM PHOENIX
DIRECTED BY JOACHIM PHOENIX

IN CINEMAS SEPTEMBER 17

imvillainmovie.com

END OF THE ROAD 2010



The **LWLies Cinedrome** is returning to the End of the Road festival at the amazing Larmer Tree Gardens in Dorset with its best ever line-up of films screening from September 9-12.

The many highlights of the festival include eight pre-theatrical previews. On Thursday September 9, Debra Granik's *An American Crime* (drama) Red Hill get things under way. Friday sees Stephen Frears return to the festival after last year's Q&A with *Jackie Brown*, followed by Adam Green's semi-as-bell side-splitter *Prison*. Saturday kicks off with cinematic French animation *A Town Called Panic*, before sobering up with Chris Smith's brilliant economic doc *Loophole*. Sunday closes out the festival with

two more brilliant documentaries, the thought-provoking *Two Lascars* and the riveting *Restrepo*, one of the films of the year.

But that's not all. We'll be hosting a lovely mix of crowd-pleasing favourites like the movies *Black Dynamite* and quacker *Hot Chick*. *Matinee*, alongside masterpieces from the archive including Charlie Chaplin in *The Kid*, Jean-Luc Godard's *Breathless*, Powell and Pressburger's gorgeous *The Red Shoes*, Jacques Tati's comic gem *Monsieur Hulot*, and Dustin Hoffman in *The Graduate*.

From the old VHS/DVD archives come cult

classics *When You're Strange*, *Dead Man*, *Arrested Development* and *Four and Twenty Black Robbers* in *Las Vegas*. And, of course, there's plenty for the family, too, with screenings of *Peanut Butter & Jelly* and *Mary-Kate & Ashley's* *Princess*, plus *Arrested Development*, *Rob* and the *Samurai*. *Beauty and the Beast*.

Finally, for the late-night crowd, we've hooked up with Curzon's *Midnight Movies* to bring you three films guaranteed to finish the day in style – Fritz Lang's legendary *Metropolis*, *Burnt* Linton's *Arrested Development*, and Japanese horror head trip *House*. It's going to be massive.

For more information on all these films, check out our exclusive End of the Road diary, online now at www.lwlies.co.uk. Thanks to Universal and VHS/DVD, Arthouse, National Film, Debra Granik, Stephen Frears, Jackie Brown, Prison, A Town Called Panic, Loophole, Two Lascars, Restrepo, Black Dynamite, Hot Chick, Matinee, Charlie Chaplin, Jean-Luc Godard, Breathless, Powell and Pressburger, The Red Shoes, Jacques Tati, Monsieur Hulot, Dustin Hoffman, The Graduate, From the old VHS/DVD archives come cult classics When You're Strange, Dead Man, Arrested Development, Four and Twenty Black Robbers in Las Vegas, and of course, there's plenty for the family, too, with screenings of Peanut Butter & Jelly and Mary-Kate & Ashley's Princess, plus Arrested Development, Rob and the Samurai, Beauty and the Beast.

EOTR 2010 Schedule

Thursday September 9

4pm: Cherrybomb

6pm: Dead Man

8pm: Winter's Bone

10pm: Port Hill

12am: Midnight Movies – Fantastic Planet

Friday September 10

10am: Up

12pm: Bolt

2pm: The Kid

4pm: When You're Strange

6pm: The Graduate

8pm: Tamarra Drenne

10pm: Frozen

12am: Midnight Movies – Metropolis

Saturday September 11

10am: Pango

12pm: A Town Called Panic

2pm: Anvil! The Story of Anvil

4pm: Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas

6pm: Breathless

8pm: Collapse

10pm: Black Dynamite

12am: Midnight Movies – House

Sunday September 12

10am: Astro Boy

12pm: Beauty and the Beast

2pm: Man Once

4pm: Into Eternity

6pm: The Port Shoes

8pm: Skeletons

10pm: Restrepo



FREE nationwide
preview screenings of...

Cyrus

September 8
8 cinemas across the UK

Grolsch & LWLies Presents is a new series of two-to-attend film screenings celebrating the values that make LWLies and Grolsch unique: taste, artistry, craftsmanship and originality.

We're showcasing the very best new films in eight venues round the country - in London, Birmingham, Brighton, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool and Bath - with director Q&As and other special events. You'll also receive a free Grolsch beer perfectly poured and served with some delicious Dutch Gouda cheese to accompany it. To be in the running for free tickets log on to the Grolsch & LWLive Presents microsite.

www.littlewhirlies.co.uk/goldsch presents, and sign up for regular updates on the latest screenings nationwide. You can also subscribe to our Twitter feed and Facebook page to keep up to date with news and events.

On September 8, Gracisch & LMLies Presents *Cyrus*, a darkly intense "wrong-com" from humbleborns James Jay and Mark Duplass, starring John C. Reilly, Jonah Hill and Marisa Tomei. To get a sneak peek of what's in store head to www.titteswhodass.com/gracischpresents and check out the trailer. This is also the place to sign up to win free tickets to the screening.



DISSEMINATION CANEVA



LITFLIT Theatre



[CURRIC]



Output: 114.76

Enjoy responsibly. drinkaware.co.uk 0800 400 000

[illegible]



In cinemas September 30 • www.cyrusthovie.co.uk

© 2007 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. All rights reserved.







CINEMA'S OUTLAWS ARE BREWING UP A STORM.





**DIRECTOR OLIVIER ASSAYAS AND ACTOR
ÉDGAR RAMÍREZ REVEAL THE INSIDE STORY
ON HOW THEY RECREATED THE LIFE AND
TIMES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY'S MOST
NOTORIOUS INTERNATIONAL OUTLAW.**

**WORDS BY NATE RECHENK
ILLUSTRATION BY NITEN BLUNT**

“I grew up in the '70s surrounded by issues of leftism, issues of justice, of the meaning of armed struggle. This was stuff that was debated when I was a teenager so it's a language I understand.”

Olivier Assayas was 18 years old when Bob Kennedy Sánchez, later to be known by his more, or maybe Carlos the Jackal, joined the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. It was 1973, two years after the May riots that unleashed the post-war violence of the post-war generation. But Carlos represented something different, something even riskier: rebellion, not revolution.

“Carlos epitomizes the dream of change of an entire generation,” says Weintraub, actor Édgar Ramírez, whose task was to portray his compatriot through three decades of Assayas’ expansive biopic. “Carlos is a metaphor for the struggle between individualism on the one side and idealism on the other, which is something that speaks to us today. When you look into history, you see that in all human generations, whether artistic or political or ideological, individuals represent ourselves at a certain point. For Carlos, suddenly those dreams of change and evolution, of individual ambition and everything went south.”

As Ramírez says, “There are no gray areas when it comes to the perception of Carlos. For some people he’s an assassin, and for other people he’s an internationalist, a revolutionary. He’s the infamous Carlos.” But it was that very contradiction that spoke to the actor as he looked into the dark heart of the character he would have to embody. “For me, it was obvious when I read the script that Oliver was considering the contradictions of the story, and there are two kinds of characters that I look for. Not a real kind of secret,” he admits. “Doing Carlos was an opportunity to really dig into the depths and extremes of human nature, and it was a very hard process.”



By the time Ramírez came to the project, the script had already changed considerably from the one that Assayas had first been hired to “write.” The project came to him if not suddenly, at least, he reads, “A French TV producer sent me a three-page document Carlos: captain of the winds of French police in Sudan in the mid-’80s. But attached to those three pages was a wealth of background information about his life and times.”

"I started realizing that stuff was weird around," says the director. "It was sometimes crazy, sometimes subversive, sometimes stupid, sometimes just plain being. I was completely hooked because for me it revolved the '70s as I had experienced them as a kid. It was as exciting as any gangster movie except it was real. And not only was it real, it involved a day of rotating periods—the story of Carlos is also the story of a generation. His story is bigger than his."

And bigger also, than cinema. Carlos first aired as a three-part, five-and-a-half-hour series on French television before Assayas revisited the footage to produce a theatrical cut. "Since the start, I knew that you couldn't show a five-and-a-half-hour film to a wider audience, and it was always part of the plan to make a version which would be the story in one film. Except I had no idea how I would do it," he admits.

"It was not painful but it was more difficult to cut the short version than the full version because the full version has its own logic, which, cinema loves. The first version of the screenplay, I had to re-write and restructure, find the rhythm of the movie version. It got a completely different balance. I thought it would be easier than it turned out to be. There were seven, eight, nine different versions before finally getting to where we felt we had the film."

Before struggling with the edit, Assayas and Hennessy had to negotiate an exhausting shoot that stretched across nine countries on three continents. "It was absolutely mental," laughs Assayas. "We were doing it with not enough money, not enough shooting time. We were making a movie that had international ambitions, within the constraints of a French TV project. So something you can't do if people are not willing to go way beyond what is expected from them in every single department."

"We were shooting 12 hours a day so there was no time to think—we had to shoot and shoot and shoot," adds Hennessy. "I can't really tell you how I did it. It's like a football game: you're just there in the zone. All the intellectual work, trying to do it before. Once I'm there, work like on the field. I forgot about all that. I read a huge amount of contemporary literary in order to understand the political and historical context of the character + I went back to college again there to really

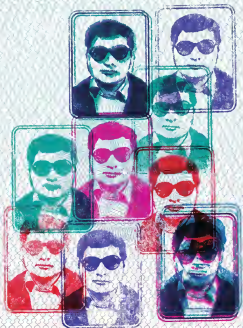
immerse myself in that knowledge and make it mine—but I did all that so I could be totally relaxed and really focus on the character and the here and now of the actor when I was on set. That's what keeps me focused: you have to just finish the day and try to be harmful to the truth of every specific scene in the film."

For Assayas, the issue was keeping track of those scenes as he filmed them. "Usually you try to keep some kind of chronology as you have a sense of what you are doing and how the film is taking shape," he explains. "But the shoot was so scattered that the whole thing was like a jigsaw. Every single scene, every single day of the shoot was one piece of the jigsaw and you had to

**"THAT IS
WHAT WE DO
THIS FOR;
TO EXPLORE
HUMAN NATURE
SO WE CAN
UNDERSTAND
THE WORLD IN
A BETTER WAY."**

any notion of where it would fit or how it would fit. You just had to trust your instincts."

Complicating matters was the director's pioneering relationship with his producer. Ultimately the main difficulty for me was familiarizing with my producers, because they were TV guys—they had no idea what was going on," he says. "They didn't understand the logic of the filming strategy so I had to support on that side. Sometimes I had hostility. They were scared, they had no experience. They had mostly produced very good budget documentaries for French TV and they were convinced that the whole thing would blow up in their face!"



"With the film finished and leaving its debut at the Cannes Film Festival, Carlos the Jackal was back in the spotlight — exactly where he always thought he belonged! Despite the fact that *Assayas'* biopic adheres closely to historical fact, it is nevertheless unusual in adding to the mythology of the Jackal in a way that makes him seem: somehow seductive? "Well, of course, Carlos is seductive, that's part of who he is," argues Assayas. "When he was a young man involved in leftist politics in London and Paris he was charismatic, and he used his charm and his physical presence to establish himself. It's part of the complexity of Carlos."

"For better or worse, these kinds of characters generate a lot of fascination," says Rabinov. "In the way we shot Carlos, we didn't want to glorify him or sensationalize him, but the thing is that as an actor you have to be seduced by the character. Even if you ideologically, politically or emotionally place yourself far away from those characters, you have to find a way to connect to them, and to connect to them under their terms, not under your terms. For example, I don't justify the use of violence in order to achieve political vindication, but I have to somehow understand that through the eyes of the character, and that is not always pleasant. But that is what we do this for: to try to explore human nature so we can understand the world in a better way."

"I hope that based on the actions of Carlos — and the important failure of Carlos — that it's not that difficult to establish where your own moral line is," continues Assayas. "I had a conviction that as long as I was going to do a movie, I was going to do it as they were — showing the complexity and brutality of Carlos — then the audience is mature enough to have his own point of view, of what he sees as right and what he's about. But Carlos is a human being, and because he's a human being there are some emotions or some feelings that you can share with him. Even some of the darker impulses — why not?"


While filming, I was always to Rabinov

that Carlos had left a profound impact behind. "Everybody knows him," he laughs. "Suddenly, everyone over the age of 60 hung out with him. Even here in Venezuela, all the old people who spent some time studying in Europe, in London or in Paris, they would come up to me and say, 'Are you doing the Jackal? I had drinks with him! I'd say, 'Yeah, really? Where? Where?' 'Well, you know, in '68 during the French riots.' And Carlos was never there, you know? He was never there. But even if they didn't meet him maybe they thought they did — this is a character who is full of mystery and fascinates people for some reason or for some related way."



And yet that Carlos is gone. The French authorities finally caught up with him in 1994 as he resided in a top-secret operation in Sudan. It was the final indignity of a twisting career that had seen the once-bearded terrorist become a political embarrassment to former client states. He is incarcerated in La Santé in Paris, the only where he worked two policemen and a PRU? Allocated in 1976. He reportedly overheard in French some time in 2001, and last seen under the support of the September 11 hijackers and Osama bin Laden.

"I made a film about a different Carlos — a type about Carlos as he was when he was in his thirties, his thirties, his forties. His changed since. I don't think he is a serious figure anymore," suggests Assayas. "He's living in jail now for 18 years and his family all these crazy messages, he writes crazy stuff on the glass and keeps the quietest positions on French politics to reject letters to Barack Obama. I think here a warning to put it right. He was part of history and now he's been crushed by it and I don't feel his position has any particular interest... But don't tell him."

Don't tell Rick Rabinov, however. Because even after everything, the echo of the Jackal's rapscallion endures. 

 kulte.

COLLECTION AUTOMNE / HIVER 2010

NOUVELLE VAGUE



WWW.KULTE.FR

WHETHER SPEAKING OUT AGAINST AUTOCRATIC GOVERNMENTS, UNCOVERING HIDDEN MEMORIES OF WAR OR EXPOSING ENVIRONMENTAL CRIMES, DISSIDENT FILMMAKERS ARE RISKING THEIR FREEDOM, AND EVEN THEIR LIVES, TO DEMONSTRATE THE TRANSFORMATIVE POWER OF CINEMA.

WORDS BY KATHLEEN MARSHALL

Sam Gindwyn once suggested that motion pictures were for entertainment, and that messages were best left to Workers' Unions. But even the most mainstream movies held an astonishing power to shift how ideas and other concerns. When a filmmaker's gaze is turned on the restricted powers of the state, cinema can serve as a force more powerful than advertising, more independent than education. This is the realm of dissident cinema.

Gindwyn's ethos continues to hold true: audiences remain as enthralled today as they were in the earliest days of the medium by the spectacle value of the silver screen. But in the shadows, a different kind of cinema is emerging. These films offer a window into a rarely seen world, an insight into an historical event or a broader social commentary. The concerns of these dissident filmmakers extend far beyond the opening credits box office. Instead, their work is related to the behavior of citizens, the understanding of political movements, and the integration of social justice. Occasionally they risk their lives and liberty in order to produce change.

Following the protests over Iraq's disputed elections in 2005, a number of prominent critics were rounded up. Director

Jafar Panahi was arrested in March 2010 and taken to Tehran's notorious Evin Prison, known colloquially as Evin University due to the large number of intellectuals held within its political wing. Two months later, Panahi's absence from the judging panel in Cannes brought him to the attention of the news media, with the subsequent campaign for his freedom saving his isolation on bail in May.

Sometimes ironically, Iran's dissident cinema first emerged during the coup of 1979, before being reinterpreted as a product of the 1979 revolution. The state had initially encouraged cultural production under a process described as "Islamicization", through its institutions at the Ministry of Culture and Islamic Guidance, began to loosen in the late 1980s, a number of directors stepped into the breach. Mohsen Makhmalbaf's *Three of Us*, shot in Turkey and released internationally in 1991, is widely considered a watershed moment, and was soon followed by films which offered a different account of Iranian life—particularly that experienced by women—like *Baran* (1995) featuring Bahar Ghossein and Tahmineh Milani. As author Hamed Dalaki stated in his account of the nation's cinema, *Close Up*, "at its best, [Iranian] cinema has succeeded in re-subjecting the Iranian self." ➔



This observation is true of animator Vincent Peronnand and Illustrator Marijane Selig's *Persepolis*, which faithfully brought to life Selig's graphic novels in an autobiographical account of her experiences both inside and outside revolutionary Iran. The prism of childhood provides the device through which the audience is encouraged to connect with the complicated political and theological machinations of the Islamic Revolution, with the reasonable backdrop of imprisoned relatives, executions and the eight-year war with Iraq contrasted with Selig's coming-of-age in Tehran. The dichotomy is represented through scenes of repression – the ever-watchful eyes of the secret police failing to suppress modes of resistance familiar to all teenagers, whether these are doctored tapes of hair metal and lung fu movies, copious application of make-up or the importance of edibles structure.



Mirroring the changing internal politics of Iran, China's cinema flourished prior to the communist takeover of 1949 before succumbing to the influence of propaganda and finally declining during the Cultural Revolution. By the early 1980s, however, the country's so-called Fifth Generation of film directors – the majority of whom had graduated from Beijing's Film Academy in 1982 – rejected Marxist in China's indigenous cinema, feeling moved beyond traditional tropes to reflect contemporary life. China's Film Bureau attempted to re-impose restrictions on filmmakers in 1995, limiting permits and restricting distribution, but, as in Iran, the genie was out of the bottle. Modern filmmakers, cast as the Urban Generation, are now preoccupied with China's thriving capitalist cities and facing cultural anxiety.

Other attempts to gag filmmakers have proven similarly unsuccessful. Anders Bergsgaard's *Burma VJ*, released in 2005, is subtitled *Reporting from a Closed Country*. The documentary focuses on the Salween Rebellion, a historic uprising against the Burmese military junta, which saw Buddhist monks take to the streets for the first time in centuries.

The Burmese risk incarceration without trial for merely possessing a video camera. The footage collated by Bergsgaard was shot illegally by The Democratic Voice of Burma, an online media organisation based in Norway and Thailand. Under the very real threat of arrest or worse, the VJs smuggled their footage across the border to Thailand where it was digitised before being sent to Norway and posted by satellite back into Burma. The images they captured were picked up by virtually every major news network in the world and viewed by millions of people. For a brief period there

“UNDER THE VERY REAL THREAT OF ARREST OR WORSE, FOOTAGE WAS SMUGGLED ACROSS THE BORDER TO THAILAND.”

existed a profound sense of hope that the rushed maneuvers of the junta could and would be broken by the combined force of the international community.

As the film unfolds, the wide prices and angry voices increasingly subdued at the presence of cameras at protest events, and at times this documentary plays out like a thriller as the riot slows in on the frightened residents.

While these filmmakers were reflecting social change almost at the pace that it was occurring (footage from the Democratic Voice of Burma was often rebroadcast on the day it had been shot), some historical events have taken much longer to bring to light. As with the photograph version of *Persepolis*, the visual animation of *Walt with Bashir* communicated something deep-rooted that wouldn't have been possible using traditional live-action technique or a contemporary perspective.

As Polanski's film attempts to piece together a series of events in which the director himself played a part during the 1982 invasion of Lebanon, leading up to the massacre of Palestinian civilians at Beirut's Sabra and Shatila refugee camps. Animated in halcyonday colours, *Waltz with Bashir* is chillingly effective, the spectacle of war and death transported to a surreal landscape in much the same way that Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* explored the eeriness of US combat in Vietnam a generation earlier.

A year after *Waltz with Bashir* came Samuel Maoz's *Lebanon*, in which the Israeli tank gunner relates his own account of the conflict. Unlike the *Six-Day War*, which he describes as taking place between "two armies, in different uniforms, fighting over one strip of land", in Lebanon, the war was fought in the neighbourhoods of Beirut, between "10 kinds of enemies, many of them wearing jeans."

Like Polanski's film, *Lebanon* was based upon the director's experiences as a conscript. Asid Roshka's production design brings the majority of the action inside the claustrophobic environment of a tank, drawing the audience right into the subjective position of the soldiers. Whenever he began to write the script, Maoz explains, "the smell of charred human flesh returned to my nostrils and I couldn't continue." This memory, punctuated by the ghastly scenes shot by the tank into apartment buildings, had been retained by the director in the 25 years since the war, but it was Israel's invasion back into the country in 2006 that prompted him to take another stab at a screenplay.

"When a person feels he has nothing to lose, he takes risks," Maoz says. "That's how I felt in early 2007 when I started to write. This time, I wouldn't run away from the smell that came first, as usual, but would let it take me to the bloody sunset. I would put them in focus, day right in and open with it. Suddenly, I felt an uplift, a weird sense of euphoria. I was careful, I didn't tackle the topic directly but rather wrote around it, an introspection, feelings... I waited for the smell but it didn't arrive. All that remained was a dire premonition of difficult, horrendous and particularly violent events." His intention was to explore war "as it is, naked, without all the heroic stuff and the rest of the clichés."

The first draft of the script was completed in three weeks, and assembled among the film's crew, many of whom had also served during the war. The actor playing Shimshon [Yoni Danna] had been part of a tank crew; the art director was a combat medic; the gaffer a photographer; and I was an *Arzi Force* intelligence technician," recalls DP David Benayon.

Despite taking the Golden Lion for best film at the Venice Film Festival, *Lebanon* – like so much dystopian cinema – opened short circuits in its native country. A number

of establishment figures opposed the film entering festivals at all. The same was true of Yoni Shimon's *Defamation*, an examination of the activities of the US Anti-Defamation League, which picked up the Best Documentary award at last year's London Film Festival. Both films provided equal levels of outrage and approval on their release.

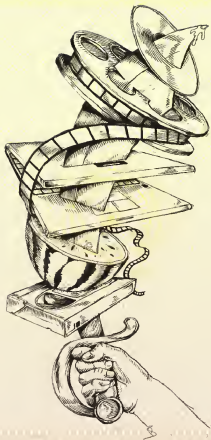


War zones and suburban estates aren't the only places where dissident filmmakers operate. In Canada, the recent G8 meeting recalled for many the heavy-handed police response to a similarly peaceful protest that had taken place in the country 25 years earlier. Two recent films, *Kanishkah* (2010) *Years of Resistance and Acts of Defiance*, directed by Kishka Ghosewala and Alex MacLennan respectively, recount a stand-off between the Canadian government and Quebec's Maronite community which took place in the town of Oka during the summer of 1990. The catalyst for the protest was a proposed extension to a golf course which reached into a Mohawk burial ground, though the crisis prompted a broader argument related to the historical struggle of Indigenous peoples worldwide.

The anti-whaling message of *The Cove* also brought to the fore larger concerns of cultural differences and the importance of maintaining traditional ways of life. Director Louie Psihoyos was drawn to the bloodstained beaches of Taiji, a small fishing town in Japan, by the activities of one-time Flipper trainer Ric O'Berry. "The town was the something out of a Stephen King novel," explains Psihoyos. "Obviously it's about the innocence and respect and love of dolphins and whales, but what was happening in the secret cove told another story. Richard told me to persuade the cove you would need a Navy Seal team, and that is pretty much what I did."

The documentary captures the cove's attempts to hide its dolphins bunking from view, with Psihoyos making use of techniques more common to a hotel cove than an eco-documentary in order to tell Taiji's story. He enlisted the help of Industrial Light and Magic to create fake rocks, freedivers to plant underwater hydrophones, and an ex-Air Force technician who toiled together a remote controlled blimp equipped with a high-definition camera. In the credits, Charles Harnfield is listed as holder of "cinematography operations".

For dissident filmmakers, cinema still matters. Their films occupy a space far from the multiplex, where governments can be made accountable, memories of war can be relived in vivid detail, and where our own environmental responsibilities are laid bare. □





**IF FILMMAKERS ARE TO DEFEAT THE PIRATES AND
GET THEIR MESSAGE TO THE MASSES, IT'S TIME FOR
A RADICAL NEW WAY OF THINKING. CAN SOCIALLY
AWARE DISTRIBUTOR DOGWOOD LEAD THE WAY?**

WORDS BY TOM JENKINS

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE WILSON

As the relationship between audience and filmmaker undergoes a profound shift, are we for the first time in a position to assess cinema's impact on society? One UK-based distribution company believes so.

Dogwood was first formed six years ago after Andy Whitaker met Anna Godas at Cannes. Initially they brought sub-of-the-rail art-house and European films to UK audiences using traditional distribution platforms and exhibition strategies: theatrical release, DVD, ads, posters, press releases. Then they discovered *Black Gold*, a small doc about the exploitation of Ethiopian oil-farmers by Western retailers. With minimal marketing the film went viral, generating unprecedented amounts of interest. Private screenings in Westminster were arranged, and Starbucks began to feel the heat of public opinion. Shortly after the film's release, the company agreed to change its fair trade policy.

"*Black Gold* just started a whole way of thinking," remarks Godas, now Dogwood CEO. "We suddenly realised that we could distribute social issue films and do some good. For Andy, it had been his vision all along to distribute films that made some kind of difference, because otherwise we just didn't feel there was much point to it, especially because every film failed to gain an audience."

Dogwood underwent an attitudinal shift – one provoked by a moment of serendipity, but one edged, all the same, by a sense of inevitability. The industry's traditional business models are on palliative care. Purveyors are seeing a smaller range of films at the cinema and home entertainment revenues are plunging. Piracy is rampant. Freedom of expression is alive, but now we must express ourselves for free.

"The industry is antiquated in its revenue models. The theatrical window is a break-even scenario from the studios through to the independents, nothing more than a profit-raising window," says Oli Harbottle, Dogwood's head of distribution. "The traditional distribution model is 'have a pot of cash, throw it and hope it sticks.' You hope one in five films is a hit, and that then cash-flows the company for the rest of the year. But that's a ridiculous model and one that we wouldn't want to embrace."

"With the digital age and the democratisation of knowledge, the clear shift across all media is that power now lies with the consumer," adds chairman Andy Whitaker. "The industry now dictates that media can no longer influence the consumer. It is the consumer who has the power."

Digitalisation, online platforms, social media, Internet piracy: it's time to figure out where these terms fit and how they work, and Dogwood is putting the pieces together. Now the biggest distributor of social issue films in the UK, they provide the filmmaker with absolute control over their project until it hits the cinema. Rather than just targeting print exposure, each film is afforded its own website that grows organically as a campaigning portal.

The films, and the issues they confront, gain their own momentum and defined lobbying power. *Surfer UJ* was the first film to be premiered at 16 Downing Street, sparking a national debate about our stance towards the Burmese military junta and the doomed icon Aung San Suu Kyi. *The End of the Line* led the government to reform its policy on intensive fishing.

Funding for these films is often achieved through creative partnerships with large organisations. *The End of the Line* ➤

network
releasing

"A SLACKER'S ODYSSEY"
TIME OUT

"MOVING AND HILARIOUS"
THE TIMES



MUSIC BY
MGMT
YEASAYER
SANTIGOLD
AND THE CONGOS

WAH DO DEM

Cert 15

Contains strong language
and soft drug use

WRITTEN & DIRECTED BY BEN CHACE AND SAM FLEISCHNER

STARRING SEAN BONES NORAH JONES CARL BRADSHAW
WITH KEVIN BEWERSDORF AND THE CONGOS

IN CINEMAS 27 AUGUST

WWW.NETWORKRELEASING.COM

BFI BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE
0203 755 2000
www.bfi.org.uk

BRITISH COUNCIL
0203 755 2000
www.britishcouncil.org.uk

CinemaCity
0203 755 2000
www.cinemacity.co.uk

Shake & Stir
0203 755 2000
www.shakeandstir.co.uk

CAIRO EDINBURGH
0203 755 2000
www.cairocinemas.co.uk

RITZY BRISTOL
0203 755 2000
www.ritzycinema.co.uk



STEP INTO TONY KAYE'S AMERICA.

WORDS BY RING ADZ

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL WILLERBOHY

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY OF KYLE BURLING

“I’m going to the Oscars with \$1 million in a suitcase to get Alec Baldwin in my next picture. Marion Brande told me to do it several years ago — he said Bertolucci negotiated his *Last Tango* deal the same way and he had more respect for him as a result. Brande-Bertolucci, Baldwin-Kaye. Why not?”

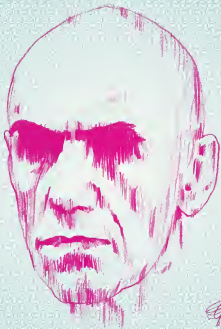
Careers rebel, Hollywood infant, force to be reckoned with: kinetic like Tony Kaye only coming on in a generation. His films may be fine and far between but that’s because he produces the kind of work that’s impossible to churn out on Hollywood’s industrial timetable. *American History X*, *Lake of Fire*, *Black Water Ranch*: these are serious films born out of a struggle to get his voice heard amidst the deafening mediocrity of the mainstream.

Let’s rewind. Tony broke through in 1988, his killer commercial culminating in a legendary Duran Duran spot that redefined the ad game completely.

“I was quite far along the road when I made the Duran Duran TV spot — it was an incident where the stars all came together at the same point,” he recalls. “I was working with a creative team from an ad agency who trusted me completely. I’d just come off making a terrible British Airways commercial which really went completely wrong, so I said to them and the client, ‘Look, if you want me to do this then you have to back off and let me do my thing, otherwise I won’t be able to give you what you really want.’ And they all said, ‘Originally that script was, ‘Open on a big flying pan with a car diving round and it’s got these tyres.’ That was their idea. We completely changed it and got something out on TV that, if it ran next week, would be as radical now as it was then.”

After this killer ad opened up the world, Tony moved out to Los Angeles, with commensurate fueling his fury into the movies. That’s when the *American History X* saga began.

“When you go to Hollywood as a commercial director to try and make films, in one sense I thought it was like a heister: you make a few good”



commercial and then all of a sudden someone rings you up and says, 'The deal New Line has made a film...'. But it doesn't really work like that," he says. "I knew I had to move to LA because I'd made a deal with destiny when I was a kid. I used to watch the TV in the '50s and I'd see the shows and they were all shot in these places, and I'd think they were all amazing, and I'd look around my home — no disrespect to my parents — and I fixed the lock of the place on the TV and wanted to live there. I had no idea what that place was or what I was going to do there, that was just my goal in life. I'm very, very happy about the fact that I haven't become a major A-list Hollywood director — yet. Or I may never become that. The last of the matter is that I live here and I have a great life here and I love it."

"When I came here I was a very successful commercial director — which I'm not anymore — and I had a lot of surplus income," he continues. "So I hired a woman called Pascale Foubert to help me develop a film. And I had an agent who was sending me out to meetings with people and showing my commercial reel around town. Soon after I hired Pascale, Bob Shapiro invited me into New Line, told me he really liked my work and he wanted to find something for me. It turned out that *American History X* was a script they wanted to make, and they called me in for a series of meetings. To tell you the truth, I didn't like the script very much, I changed it a lot. I made it about racism and hate and anger. It was about all kinds of things — drugs, etc. — before. And then everything happened from that point on. I, of course, had no idea what the long-term collaborative process on making a film was. I self-destructed."

What happened next is the stuff of legend — the star of the film, Ed Norton, took control in the edit suite. Tony was locked out of the final stages of production and ended up leaving it with the studio. Could he have done things differently?

"With the film, yes," he says. "I think it would have been better if I had been allowed to go the whole distance with it. But it was what it was and the process was an amazing one and I know so much more about filmmaking as a result. My collaboration with Edward Norton I'm very proud of and he has certainly not got close to

me in anything else he's done, and he probably thinks that now. And I has become a commercial piece of American film — for a certain generation it's one of their fascinate films. As a director, what can I complain about? I know I was very bad mannered and my ego got completely out of control, but I hope I've learned all the lessons I can learn about that."



Shut out of the main studios after claiming the film had been 'raped' by New Line ("It's good enough to fool Hollywood, it's good enough to fool New Line and it's certainly fooling Edward Norton," he said at the time, "but it doesn't fool me"), what Tony did next was to embark on a film about abortion made with \$6 million of his own coin. Seven years in the making, *Labe of Fire* is a powerful documentary on a subject that people are prepared to kill for. Indeed, a number of the abortion clinic workers profiled in the film were murdered during the course of the shoot.

"When I came to America to make films in 1990, the issue was really starting to boil," he says. "Clinics were being attacked and I had an experience myself where a girlfriend had an abortion a few years prior to that and I met a tragedy. She made her decision and I stood by her, but it really lingered in my mind. I didn't know what had happened, I didn't know what it was and I wanted to know what it looked like what a abortion?"

"It was that time when I had a lot of money coming in from the commercials, suddenly an envelope with I decided that I was going to do a narrative piece and I looked around for scripts but didn't find anything that did the subject justice. I just thought that it would be interesting to do a piece that had no point of view. And at that time I didn't really have a point of view, and so I just embarked upon the process. I never thought for one minute that I was going to be working on this for 14 years."

Considering how hot the topic is, how did the fire go down in America? "It's not a controversial film, it's something that's beyond that. It's beyond that word," he explains. "It's a very scary film in

Amnesia because although it's a pre-choice film, it sort of says that abortion is wrong. I think if anyone who is contemplating having an abortion sees the film a day or a week before, they would rethink the decision they've made...It is a very, very scary film and the fact that it actually got a theatrical release is amazing, although I financed it myself and I never got a cent back."



The last time I was in LA I was hanging out with some industry folk, banging on as usual about my horses, and Tony's name came up. This was when I first heard the story of *Black Water Transit*. Tony was approached to direct the post-Katrina noir cop thriller after Bruce Willis and Wesley Snipes had balked. Once he signed up, he went off to New Orleans and shot a completely different film, a much better one than the original script. ▶

"I WAS BAD MANNERED AND MY EGO GOT COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL, BUT I'VE LEARNED ALL THE LESSONS I CAN."



suggestion. New Orleans will carry a heavy reputation, especially after dark, so the money men and suits stayed away in the relative safety of Gretna.

"I did re-write it," he admits, "but with the full support of the management. It's been quite an incredible story. They were in pre-production and fell out with the director so they asked if I would come on board. Bruce Willis had gone. There was nothing there – no cast, two scripts on the table that were, in my humble yet slightly arrogant opinion, a complete fucking mess, just one or two characters in the story I thought were cool. They said, 'Here's seven writers – choose one of them.' I basically picked the English guy – Matthew Chapman – who I thought would be three consecutive to work with. I knew – no disrespect – that all the American writers would be straight into the pocket of the studio the minute they got hired, and they would be cleverer than me. I'm not a very good politician. I thought, 'I've just gotta have someone who wants to work with me for good or bad, whatever that is.'

"So I worked with Matthew Chapman for five, six, seven weeks and we completely re-wrote things. He did a really great job and then I thought to myself that in any education as a filmmaker, how cool is this gonna be if I take over the writing completely and I write on the fly as I'm writing. So no disrespect to Matthew but I said to them that I have to continue on this myself. And honestly, we'd written this huge film – on the table is a \$40 million film. Now, where the money went I don't know, because I got just under \$8 million to do this thing.

"The first thing I said is that, okay, we're gonna shoot it all at night, because I thought as we're supposed to be shooting a situation that takes place in New Orleans several weeks after the flood, if we shoot at night then we won't have to build much. So I shot for 45 nights and wrote and re-wrote and the management at that time was completely like what I was doing and was supporting everything. I wasn't even finished and they turned round and said that I had to sock it as they had to take it to Cannes to sell it. So I said, 'Okay, it's locked.' And it's a crazy, avant-garde, very violent film, but the performances are really amazing and there is a

very fast through-line about how all the African-Americans died and the Caucasians got outta town, now New Orleans is for Africa.

"Then, various people who were wanting to invest in a Bruce Willis action thriller were invited to a screening in Cannes – they ran out of the cinema, after seven or eight minutes 'cos they didn't know what the fuck it was. It put everyone in a jellum and then the management brought an editor in of their own choice. This guy did a re-cut of the film, but it was okay. I mean, it was a more streamlined version of what the story was. The performances are all great. Laurence Fishburne is great, Stephen Dorff is great, Brittany Snow is great and Karl Urban is very, very good. But it wasn't as wild or as interesting as the preview said. That they took it to the market at Cannes again and they got a little bit more interest, but it's very difficult to sell any independent films. Now I'm writing on it and I'm gonna re-shoot some stuff.

"I've done it like it's basically the notabooks of a New Orleans cop, so it's all about a crime saga that's on the streets of New Orleans three months after the flood, through his notabooks and through his mind. It's not an uninteresting film and now I'm trying to re-work it more into Karl Urban and I'm writing stuff now that I'm gonna shoot in a couple of weeks and we'll re-edit again and it's gonna be released in November."

A lot of lesser talents would have given up by now, or worse, sold out and done what was expected of them – got on their knees and begged on Hollywood cock. But Tony is a major talent who won't be stopped. He has weathered the most insane shit on the West Coast, and he still comes out shooting.

The last message I got from him ran something like this: \$20 working on Black Water Transit in New York right now about to shoot *Demolition* with Adrian Brody... Making an album of 20 original songs I've written over the last 10 years during trials and tribulations... Doing a 500-page Ari Book with Phaedon... ALL MY PARTIMOS, MY JOURNEY, things are moving at last, Baruch Hashem, Baruch Hashem, Peace, Make angels, Tony. ☺

Tony Raye appears in King Adri's new book *Street Knowledge*, published by Oolite in September.

LONDON LE BOOK 2010

THE NETWORK THAT
MAKES THE GLOBAL
CREATIVE INDUSTRY TICK

CONNECTIONS IS THE MEETING POINT FOR
THE VISUAL INDUSTRY AROUND THE WORLD.
NEW YORK LONDON PARIS BERLIN LOS ANGELES

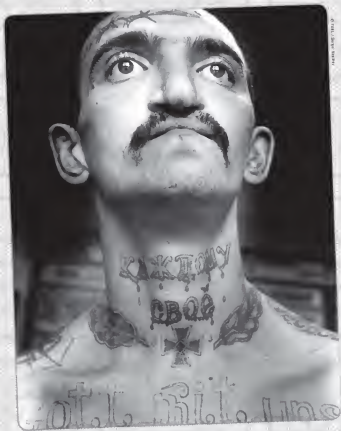
NEXT STOP LONDON CONNECTIONS
10 / 11 NOVEMBER 2010

STAY TUNED WWW.LEBOOK.COM



G A R E T H P U G H :







DRAWINGS BY GANZIG BALDREV

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SERGEI VASILIEV

FROM THE RUSSIAN CRIMINAL TATTOO ENCYCLOPAEDIA VOLUME I

RUSSIA'S PROFESSIONAL CRIMINALS CALL THEMSELVES THE VORY. THE PRISON TATTOOS THAT COVER THEIR BODIES ARE A MARK OF IDENTITY. THEY TELL THE STORY OF AN OUTLAW LIFE, WRITTEN IN INK AND EARNED IN BLOOD.





"I am a rightist snail. I have no
resources to suggest a conscience"
Subclavicular



"Wherever I see you, I'll rape you
on the open and struggle you!"
A 'gris' tattoo. A woman was possibly
responsible for the murder of the tattoo
being imprisoned, 1968-1970s



"The Moscow Komsomol shores" gang"
Stomach
Ministry of the Interior Inter-Regional
Hospital Leningrad 1984



The tattoo of nominal 'nobility'
Subclavicular
First recorded in 1954. It was
later widespread in the corrective
labour institutions of the Urals



*'The Great Comrad - the organizer
of the great terror.'*



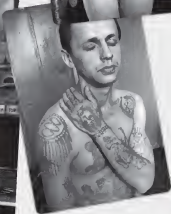
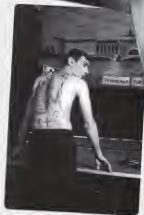
*'Guest of Soviet (though, COMRADE
(the alcoholic formula for alcohol)
Down the hatch, Charming Kremlin Bear!
Bump, for victory over Cheekpuff!!!'*



*'The prick enters'
Kosmash
Leningrad Special Reception Centre 1972
A female Kevlaron courier takes...*



*'Queen's firm - sottopassato'
Bip
A prostitute's titbit*



"Rockin' Concrete" tattoo is available from www.tatoo-design.com. There will be an exhibition of original drawings and limited edition photographic prints to go the book from Saturday October 30 until Sunday November 28 at 4 Wall Street, London E1 6AA where tattoo-design.com for further details. Drawings from the Gunguis Gunguis book is published by FUEL on September 20.





BLACKLISTED BY THE STUDIOS, BRITISH DIRECTOR ALEX COX HAS MADE A CAREER WORKING OUTSIDE THE SYSTEM. HERE, THE MAVERICK FILMMAKER SHOTS FROM THE HIP ABOUT THE BUSINESS OF FILM AND THE GENIUS OF FELLOW REBEL DENNIS HOPPER.

WORDS BY MATTHEW CAPPER

Alex Cox was born in 1954 on the wrong side of the Mersey, in the Wirral, where the cultural and rebellious heritage of Liverpool never quite took root. A huge fan of westerns, he had a burning desire to be a filmmaker. In 1977 he left the UK for Los Angeles to study at UCLA, making his first film, *Sleep in the Streets*, in 1980.

After graduation, he joined Edge City Productions with the intention of making low-budget features, but he was dragged into the video system after Universal became interested in his script for *Repo Man* – a script he wrote after working in vehicle repossession. The slow burning success of *Repo Man* allowed Cox to make his next feature independently. *3:12 and Henry* opened the Cannes Film Festival in 1985, and established the director as a new British maverick.

Then the wheels fell off. Two quasi-westerns, *Straight to Hell* and *Malik*, underperformed in

quick succession. *Malik* was backed by a \$5 million budget from Universal, but the studio refused to promote it after being caught off guard by the film's liberal politics and graphic violence. Its failure effectively ended Cox's relationship with the Hollywood mainstream, and established his enduring position as an outsider.

He continued to make films away from America, particularly in Mexico, but found finance for his projects increasingly difficult to come by. Between 1987 and 1994, Cox was more reliably to be found on television where, as presenter of the BBC's *Movieclips*, he influenced a whole generation of filmmakers with his obscure introductions to even more obscure films.

More recently, Cox has returned to mini-budget filmmaking, shooting *Three Businessmen*, *Searchers 2.0* and *Repo Chick*, over which he retained complete artistic control. As he reveals exclusively to *UNLEASH*, however, he hasn't lost his appetite for a fight. ▶

LWILLIS-APPO MAN CELEBRATED ITS TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY LAST YEAR. HOW WAS IT RECEIVED BACK IN 1984?

Geen: The first reaction was 'Universal Pictures' and it was entirely negative. They hated the film and tried to suppress it. This had to do with a change of regime at the studio – in with the new, out with the old – but the producers and I were relatively innocent.

HOW DID THE FILM FIND A LIFE OF ITS OWN WITHOUT SUPPORT FROM UNIVERSAL?

It got two different reviews in *Variety*, one very hostile, the other highly positive. We took out an ad in *Variety* reprinting the positive review and challenging Universal to release the film. Judging by subsequent comments, this annoyed them quite a bit. Various opinions appeared, in various media, stating that *Repo Man* was 'an American' and the likes of Pan Am would never screen it. One person said, 'I hope they never show the film in Russia.' Probably because of the nuclear bomb subplot, *Repo Man* had become embroiled in the Cold War politics of the Reagan/Thatcher years, and was being red-baited in time-honoured Joe McCarthy fashion.

YOU THEN MADE SID AND NANCY WHY?

To thwart a Hollywood studio which wanted to make a Sid and Nancy picture starring Rupert Everett and Madonna.

BEING INVOLVED IN THE PUNK MOVEMENT, HAD YOU ALREADY DECIDED TO MAKE SOMETHING ABOUT IT?

Not until that ghastly possibility presented itself. My co-author Abbe Wool and I, being enthusiasts for the punk movement, felt that a genuine movie about that sorry tale, and their betrayal of the movement, should be made. If only we'd made it.

DO YOU STILL CONSIDER YOURSELF A PUNK?

I never did. I was a bit too old. But I was a follower and admirer of the punk movement, and I suppose its shroud for a little while.

AFTER TWO CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED FILMS WERE YOU GIVEN THE KEYS TO THE KINGDOM OF HOLLYWOOD?

No, I was denied any form of proper accounting, thoroughly spied on, blacklisted and otherwise traduced by union workers. Even when I've worked for a studio it's been at arm's length – delivering the film when it was finished for an agreed price. This was a way for the studios to make films more cheaply and employ fewer union members. So I knew little about the 'real' world of Hollywood movies, where as far as I can tell the goal is to spend, or seem to spend, as much money as possible, thus inflating the film's budget and making sure some of the profit participants over participants. Paul Lewis, the production manager on *Easy Rider*, told me that time should be punishment meted out to people looking for entertainment. I don't know if it's always possible to achieve this, but it's certainly something to aspire to.

TALKING OF EASY RIDER, HOW DID YOU COME TO MEET DENNIS HOPPER?

I wanted him to act in *Repo Man*. That didn't work out, but I lay in wait for him.

IS IT TRUE YOU WERE HIS FAVOURITE FILM DIRECTOR?

No. Dennis was Dennis' favourite director. All directors are this way. How could it be otherwise? Who was Pineson's favourite painter?

YOU OBVIOUSLY BECAME CLOSE FRIENDS, WAS HE A Jekyll AND HYDE CHARACTER?

He was a very smart man who – though blacklisted by the studios as a director – managed to keep working as an editor and put his money in real estate. I never saw his allegedly crazy side. He also believed in film as an art form – probably he was the only person I met in Los Angeles who thought that way.

HOW DO YOU THINK HE WAS ABLE TO MAINTAIN WORKING AS AN ACTOR ON BOTH OBSCURE AND BIG-BUDGET FILMS?

Obscure was pretty much all that was available to Dennis as a director, given the shadow's decision to cut him off. As an actor, he took what work was offered to him – big and small, it all paid the mortgage, or the alimony.

YOU ATTEMPTED TO MAKE FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS. HOW DID YOU FIND THE EXPERIENCE?

When I was the director, the budget was six million and Johnny Depp was to be paid half a million bucks. When Universal took the project over and hired Terry Gilliam the budget shot up and Johnny got five million dollars. I think he bought an island in the Caribbean with it.

AS AN ARTIST, DOESN'T THE IDEA OF THE MOVIE 'BUSINESS' BECOME INCREDIBLY DEPRESSING?

You couldn't design a worse system for filmmakers than the current capitalist one: inefficient, corrupt, incapable of survival without constant governmental intervention and taxpayers' cash. Forty years ago the same system was capable of producing great films, offering more-or-less full employment and landing buzz-out jets on the moon. How did it fall apart so quickly?

HOW DOES THE UK INDUSTRY COMPARE?

In the US, the problem is not the making of money but the holding of money, a monumental concentration of profits, which is entirely illegal – it is interstate racketeering – and should have landed all the studios' lawyers and accountants in jail. In the US, the industry is dependent on handouts from well-placed bureaucrats in state capitals, who are neither businessmen nor filmmakers. They do not care whether films make a profit; their goal is to divert Lottery funds to American productions in the hope that they will one day move to America and get a job at a studio, or at least have dinner with Brad and Angelina.

ARE THERE SACRIFICES TO MAKE WHEN YOU'RE NOT BACKED BY FINANCIERS WITH DEEP POCKETS?

There is one problem making a film very cheaply: if they only invest a small sum, the investors may not care whether or not they get their money back. So, in the case of *Beaverlars* (tragically, half a million pounds came from the Film Council, and half a million came from a wealthy private investor who immediately received UK tax breaks). Thus, it was very kind of both to put up money for the production and I'm most grateful to them. But there was no burning desire on either part to use the film make money. Tod [Jensen, the film's producer] and I had a distributive plan which paralleled Todd's [producer's] UK

start-up tour, we tried it out in Portland and Seattle. Kuch introduced the film or did a Q&A this same evening as he lay down. It worked like a dream – full houses in both cases. But we couldn't persuade the Film Council or the private investor to let us set an US distributor, even though this would have given the film a theatrical life and led to better TV and DVD sales. They weren't interested in making money. The investors had had their tax breaks, and the subsidies were into a new financial year.

YOU RECENTLY MADE REPO CHUCK WITH VIRTUALLY NO MONEY. WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS FOR IT?

To get out from under these ridiculous legal actions, Universal filed a Cease & Desist letter against Coe in 2008, claiming that *Repo Chick* was an illegal sequel to the original film, and to sue the firm widely sold and distributed so that all the people who worked for nothing can start to make some money from it.

WHAT SACRIFICES HAVE YOU MADE ARTISTICALLY AND PERSONALLY IN THE PURSUIT OF YOUR WORK?

Sacrifice implies a loss of something, and what did I ever have to lose? I never really had any money, so the absence of money isn't a big deal. I'd like to have directed more time but – coming from a background outside the industry – I reckon I was extremely lucky to make the ones I did.

HOW DO YOU DEAL WITH THE FRUSTRATION?

If there is one thing I believe, it is that not anything is a big fucking joke. At the same time, it is not possible to check out, hole from or ignore the terrible reality of that joke. We must engage with it, while laughing at it. There is no need for distractions when we are fully engaged.

WHEN YOU ARE NOT FULLY ENGAGED WHAT DO YOU DO TO ESCAPE THE HARSH REALITIES?

There is no escape. There is only action, non-completion and death.

Twelve class *Midway, An Awful Party* tells a children's book inspired by Nazi rule and written by Herbert Aspinwall of *Chandoswick*, not as released in October by (London) Angel Press.



**AS THE MOST RADICAL TELEVISION SHOW
OF ALL TIME CELEBRATES ITS TWENTIETH
ANNIVERSARY, THE CAST AND CREW OF
TWIN PEAKS REMEMBER THE MAKING AND
BREAKING OF A CULTURAL PHENOMENON.**

WORDS BY CYRUS SHARRAD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SPENCER MURPHY

For legions of David Lynch fans worldwide, the events unfolding in the logging town of Twin Peaks were only ever partly as interesting as those reputed to have taken place behind the camera, most of which centre on the unconventional methods of its renegade director.

One example concerns Lynch's decision to cast wild-haired ex-dresser Frank Silva as Bob, the malevolent agent responsible for Laura Palmer's murder. During filming of the pilot's closing scene, Frank was accidentally caught in the mirror behind Laura's mother (Grace Zanderow) as the camera roamed after screaming fans. Lynch stopped the DP from setting up a second take, telling him the first one would be fine. Watch that scene now and you can freeze-frame the moment that the character of Bob first took form in Lynch's mind – a blurred shape, grey and feral, hovering between two worlds in the grieving Palmer home. It's a neat straight into the processes that

informed Lynch's vision, and which helped define *Twin Peaks* – celebrating its twentieth anniversary this year – as one of the most influential television events of all time.

But the show's beginnings were less than auspicious. Lynch and co-writer Mark Frost had met in 1986, and already had a pair of unproduced screenplays behind them when they were told there was interest from ABC in a television show. Their pitch to the network was vague; Frost recalls Lynch spending the majority of their meeting describing – with suitably jolly hand gestures – the way the wind whipswept in the pine forests surrounding the town. When ABC commissioned a pilot, the pair saw it as an opportunity to confound expectations and inject a dose of madness into the mainstream.

"We didn't approach it as a television show," recalls Frost. "Remember that we were coming out of a decade in which the term of major television was set by shows like *Catnip*; shows that David and I wouldn't be caught dead watching. It felt like





100 The Gatsby Issue

"WE WERE AMAZED THEY WERE GIVING DAVID LYNCH TWO HOURS ON TELEVISION. WE SAW IT AS THE INMATES OVERRUNNING THE TOWN."

would be run into the big machine inside a Trojan horse, and that seemed all the more reason to make *Teen Peaks* as strange and subversive as we possibly could."

Writing took place at Frost's home in LA, with Lynch (who claimed to be unable to type) lying on a psychiatrist-style couch bating ideas off the walls. Caring adored to a typically Lynchian anti-process: Denis Ashbrook was asked to stand on the roof and bark like a dog, a role he later played as a jail-bound Bobby Duggs; Richard Beymer and Russ Tamblyn were cast as Ben Huron and Lawrence Javelly simply because it tickled Lynch to see the former anti-heroes of *West Side Story* reunited on screen, and roles were regularly adapted to fit actors that Lynch particularly liked — meeting Joan Chen inspired him to rewrite the role of an Italian maid, Giovanna (previously penciled for his then-partner Isabelle Rossellini), as the Chinese Jade Packard.

Cast and crew assembled in late '89 in the location town of North Bend, Washington State, and filming of the pilot took place over a winter of record-breaking blizzards, of blizzards and freezing fog that regularly postponed shoots and added to the sense of otherworldliness permeating the set.

"David's way of working was unlike anything I'd encountered at the time," says Kerry Robertson, who played squeaky-shuff's secretary Lucy Moran. "David was meditating every afternoon, and he'd conduct assemblage to get cast members on the same wavelength. He encouraged everyone to read *The Power of Myth* by Joseph Campbell, and I remember a lot of us started having strange dreams. It was definitely a different consciousness to your average television set."

But if there was a sense that they were creating something special, there was also a nagging concern that the finished product would be too leftfield for the conservative commissioners at ABC.

"We were amazed they were giving David Lynch two hours on television," says Kyle MacLachlan, looking only slightly older and better than FBI Special Agent Dale Cooper. "We

saw it as the inmates consuming the town, and we knew it would be fantastic, but we thought that would be the end of it. We didn't think for a second that it would get picked up because it seemed so incomprehensible."

MacLachlan's concerns were unfounded. After several rewrites to suit screenings of the pilot, ABC commissioned seven episodes — a partial vote of confidence that suggested they were early excited to be working with Lynch — and reluctantly agreed to the director's condition of complete creative freedom from the network.

Shooting relocated to a former warehouse in the San Fernando Valley that Lynch had decked with broiler end-staves, allowing cast and crew to pass from the Double R Diner to the grand foyer of the Great Northern Hotel in a few easy steps. Guest directors were cherry-picked to oversee individual episodes, but Lynch and Frost continued to write the show, which descended into a cacophony of drug taking, underage sex and supernatural evil so dark that many feared it would be axed before it aired.

Those fears dissipated on April 8, 1990, when the word-of-mouth buzz surrounding *Teen Peaks* saw the pilot score the sort of viewing figures usually reserved for the Super Bowl. The show's

popularity accelerated as the season progressed — its layered mysteries combined with a Thursday night slot to make it perfect water-cooler conversation for office workers the following morning, a fact played upon by a slew of publicity posters claiming, "If you miss it tonight, you won't know what everyone's talking about tomorrow."

Not that watching it was any guarantee of understanding. Not even cast members were wise to the show's deepest secrets: actors were given scripts for their own scenes only, and would gather in an LA bar each Thursday to watch the show en masse and marvel at its twists and turns with hordes of admiring locals. Theories abounded, rumour mills went into overdrive, and a telephone helpline (voiced by Kerry Robertson in character) was set up to satisfy those who couldn't wait a week for further clues. ➔



"I remember about halfway through the airing of the first season someone stood in and dumped on my desk maybe 600 pages of internal chatter about the show – and this was at a point before the internal was only just emerging as something people used for basic communications," says Frost. "But here were these entire tomes dedicated to capturing just one aspect of plotting, something that had taken maybe 15 minutes to think up. That was the point when I realised this had become more than just a television show, that we'd tapped into a collective unconscious."

Before long, "Peakmania" had turned into a bona fide cultural phenomenon. Shops didn't stock enough cherry pie; clearly women were carrying logs in tribute to the cryptic Log Lady; and voraciously housed half-nude Laura Palmer fursuits in which swathes of girls would wrap themselves in plastic and lay down for hours at a time.

Elsewhere, the ferate leads of *Twin Peaks* lined up for the cover of *Rolling Stone*, while Lynch touted himself celebrated as a genius on the front of *Time* magazine. MacLachlan, for his part, was dragged on to *Saturday Night Live*, guest hosting an episode that vent up weaker aspects of the show. The audience's laughter concealed their hope, however misguided, that the actor would somehow slip up and answer the question on everybody's lips: who killed Laura Palmer?

That question on which the show's early success had been founded eventually led to its downfall. ABC wanted the mystery of Laura's murder resolved quickly – some suggest they were sceptical of sustaining public interest in the subject, others that they feared drawing it out would lead to ratings or support falling. Either way, they commissioned a second season of 22 episodes on one condition: that Lynch reveal the killer's identity at the first available opportunity.

The murder was something neither Lynch nor Frost wanted resolved. Behind the rigidity was, in Lynch's words, "killing the goose that laid the golden eggs". The pie had gone to extreme lengths to keep the culprit's identity a secret, from rambling scripts to writing and occasionally shooting fake scenes. When they finally capitulated, they timed the unmasking of these separate killers before tacking one on to the end of the episode and sending it to edit. Only then did they sit down with actor Ray Wise and tell him that his character, Leland Palmer, had murdered his daughter – a revelation that Wise was reluctant to accept, not least because it was followed by his character's death and exit from the show.

In some ways, Ray was the lucky one. Lynch and Frost lost interest in the wake of the revelation – Lynch heading off to direct *Mild at Heart*, Frost to *Stargate* – leaving the final 12 episodes in the hands of guest writers and directors who struggled to regain the momentum lost by Leland's confession. The show became characterised by edited scenes (David

Duchovny as a cross-dressing FBI agent) and storylines (Don Horne's complaint to save the local grove washed, making a self-parody of its own subtle sense of the macabre, and edging it closer in tone to the reameters soap opera it had previously emulated). As audience figures plummeted, ABC shifted *Twin Peaks* to a graveyard Saturday night slot in a barely concealed effort to hasten its end, and a sense of alienation took root among a cast that had so recently been more like a family.

"I remember sitting in my dressing room listening through the wall to Catherine Coulson [the Log Lady] yelling David and begging him to come back," says Kimmy Robertson. "I remember a sense of panic and a definite feeling of abandonment. It was as though God had put us in Eden and then left us to fend for ourselves."

Lynch returned to oversee the end of the second season, rewriting and directing a final episode culminating in a series of cliffhangers that he hoped would compel ABC to commission a third season. But it was too little, too late. The network seemed happy to be rid of a show that it had never known quite what to do with. Many cast members breathed a sigh of relief when the curtain came down.

Like any major work, the effect *Twin Peaks* had on those involved in its creation was far from uniform. Some, like Kimmy Robertson, swore allegiance to its memory, attending annual festivals and making herself available to fans; others, like Michael Ontkean (Sheriff Truman), refused to speak about the experience, preferring when it came up in interviews and blurring the show for the subsequent downturn in their

careers. Even MacLachlan tried to distance himself from his character, requesting only a bit part in Lynch's 1992 prequel *Twin Peaks: Fire Walk With Me*, a movie received with hostility even by hardcore fans for its heavy-handed dramatization of the last days of Laura Palmer's life.

And yet the legacy of *Twin Peaks* seems barely to have diminished in the decades since the town beauty was first found on the riverbank wrapped in plastic. It regularly tops lists of the best shows of all time, and its influence can still be felt in more sustained television success stories like *Lost* and *The Sopranos*, many of which might not exist were it not for Lynch's vision of a world in which artifice, voyeurism and mainstream television worked hand in hand.

"*Twin Peaks* was too far ahead of its time," says Charlotte Stewart, who played Betty Briggs. "It was a completely immersive experience filled with incredible characters and creepy secrets, and it had this dreamy quality thanks to its bizarre dialogue and haunting soundtrack. But it was a show that demanded viewers approach it with an open mind, and it expected them to pay attention. Knowledge those things are taken for granted with ground-breaking television, but back then I don't think people were ready for it." 🍷



THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT

Two all-time cult classics of 60s British cinema
now finally available fully uncut and remastered



bfi.org.uk

Yours to own from
13 September at amazon.co.uk

Subscribe to our weekly newsletter
and all these reviews will be delivered
to your inbox on the day of release,
along with those we couldn't squeeze
into the mag. Read, watch then head
to www.littlewhitecellar.co.uk and post
your opinion online





Cyrus

Directed by Jay Dupless, Mark Dupless
 Starring John C. Reilly, Marisa Tomei, Jonah Hill
 Released September 10

Fans of the Dupless brothers will be pleased to learn that their first studio picture doesn't borrow their indie roots. With Sundance audience favorites like oddball road-trip comedy *The Puffy Chair* and quippy comic horror *Spinal Tap*, the brothers established the "Duplessian Method"—shooting a script chronologically and allowing the actors to develop their own dialogue. It makes for believable characters and a refreshing narrative presented in a cinema verité style.

The prolific siblings' latest introduces us to John (John C. Reilly), a crumpled loser stuck in the grip of a middle-class job. But when he picks up a new party girl (Tomei) in the House League's "Don't You Want Me?" class, a sub in adolescence adolescence with Molly (Marisa Tomei), he can't believe his luck. Then he meets her son, Cyrus (Jonah Hill) who proves there's more to his cover than his house art page with a broadly understood display "Don't fucking mind" he makes. But should we laugh or cry that someone's mom's boy as he desperately tries to make three a crowd? The result is a film of black laughs as Cyrus goes toe-to-toe on home turf for Molly's affection.

Cyrus' first encounter with John echoes the

undercurrent of nonsense in Jim Carrey's *Gabe*. Missing the controls of his home studio, he blows his opponent away with a nonsense stab of progressive terror we later learn is called "Severus A Study of Two and Three." It's small touches like this that make the film's world so immersive.

After a period of famous script writing (including gigs for Sacha Baron Cohen's *Brink*) and having established himself in the Apocyn ensemble, Jonah Hill has now definitively moved on from his breakout role in *Superbad*. The actor also has aspirations to direct, and here a lover of improvis who better to learn from than the masters of improvisation? The Dupless brothers provide the perfect arena for Hill and Reilly's verbal sparring, and they're ably supported by both Tomei and Catherine Keener as John's put-upon ex.

Much like another middle-class comedy, *Groundhog Day*, the film's domestic setting is a fitting backdrop that allows the actors to draw in as with each other's scenes, whether it's Cyrus making Molly's sympathy with his "mug" scene, or an unexpected John receiving a manuscript in bed-up and dysfunctional behavior. Shooting with the RED camera, the director's use of digital techniques

is reminiscent of Lars von Trier's experimental black comedy *The First of '68*, heightening our engagement with the characters in a succession of scenes in an every emotional detail.

Cyrus is a film about letting go, losing subplots and following new paths—the kind of classic regularly mislabeled by him-film. Hollywood rom-coms that under the sophisticated guidance of its expert cast and crew, have a proven both charming and enlightening, with a mix of observational humor and heartbreak that says with you. **Dan Brinkman**

Anticipation. Can mumblecore go mainstream? We're intrigued **4**

Enjoyment. Laugh-out-loud one minute and thought-provoking the next. Perfectly crafted **4**

In Retrospect. A fresh approach to the relationship comedy that will reward repeat viewings **4**

Dog Pound

Directed by **Kim Chapiron**
Starring **Adam Butcher, Shana Kippel, Laurence Bayne**
Released **August 27**

A 23-year-old Rey Westmore introduced himself to the world as *Alan Clark's Son*. Made in 1979, an tagline described the film as "a brutal story of today" — a bleak portrait of a journey that had turned its back on working-class young men. *Son* wasn't just provocative — it was something.

What does *Dog Pound* mean? This US reimagining of *Son* follows three young offenders — Butch (Adam Butcher), Dave (Shane Kippel) and Angel (Mason Menden) — as they arrive at a young offenders institute run on the ground by a gang of violent inmates. Both Butch and Dave are culpably in the gang, only for Butch to resist with single-minded intent. As he plots to become top dog in the pound, he enables street-gang boys to run a collision course with both his fellow inmates and the authorities.

Although it echoes the narrative arc of *A Prophet*, *Dog Pound* has more of that bleak urban-asylum feel than its French cousin. In terms of violence — ending actual youth offenders and shooting on location — Kim Chapiron's film is far more interested in day-long waitlines than gritty reality. *Dog Pound*



is an action film in disguise, where every show and slap-slap on the canteen fire while a creaking camera lovingly documents the many sequences of coherent masculine violence.

That the film should be so completely stripped of subject is all the more disappointing when you consider that Chapiron is part of France's *Kinship* collection, and is responsible for some of the most vivid and controversial filmmaking in the country.

Yet *Dog Pound* has nothing to say about young men in Obama's America. Nothing to say about the links between violence and authority. Nothing to say about the corruption of good people in a racist system. In the absence of context, the film becomes a worrying trip through the clichés of prison drama: rage, riot and all. **Matt Buchanan**

Anticipation. *Son* updated for a new generation by a director whose French-language work has pushed the boundaries of good taste

4

Enjoyment. Despite a certain brutality, *Dog Pound* is far less preoccupied with visual impact rather than dramatic meaning

2

In Retrospect. Kim Chapiron could make a seminal film about today's youth, but this isn't it.

2

The Horde

Directed by **Yannick Dahan, Benjamin Rocher**
Starring **Claude Perron, Jean-Pierre Martini, Erik Ehoanany**
Released **September 17**



Like a thermometer up the yachse, horror films are a quick if unpleasant way of assessing society's ills. And if the more open of angry, ultra-violent French efforts (Harper, *Perverse(s)*, *Buck*) are to be trusted, you'd have to conclude that racial tensions and right-wing legislation are resulting in an onslaught of mass burning across the Channel.

The *Horde* heads back to early Romero in its depiction of a hellish ghetto brimming with white tension. "It's a fucking Nigerian" screams Adelaide (Erik Ehoanany) as he battles out a scuffle's bones. But in these goddamned projects, everyone — whether policeman, gangster or monster — is either monster-killer or victim.

More a background concern than a relevant line of enquiry, these tensions still add a tension to the anti-race action. Aurelie (Claude Perron) and Ousmane (Jean-Pierre Martini) are disinclined supporters on a mission to avenge the killing

of a colleague, Adelaide and to see their targets. But before whatever tension they have left can be satisfied, the gritty high-mat they've inflamed is overrun by marauding staff.

Imagine Romero invaded by John Carpenter and you have some idea of the blood-and-splattered mayhem that follows. *Horde* explodes, leaps fly and black blood soaks the storefronts. One day's so angry he shows two zombies in the face at the same time — especially *Meathead*, in the distance we see Paris flames, smoke clouds gathering and other tensions that the world's going increasingly to hell.

It's a furious, brutal film, a new end on the series that might have benefited from a little breathing room when our role-playing anti-human men's going torn to pieces by zombies, they're using scraps of each other. Though occasionally galling, the film's over-pumped oppositions remain consistent throughout, with no *28 Days Later*-style

happy-go-lucky cop-outs.

For a multitude of (horrible) reasons, the film's apartment sequence sees the survivors unexpecting then creating a female zombie, who it appears they're going to rape. Even Romero never looked on the human race with such unfettered disgust. Let's pray this particular reading proves way off the mark. **Matt Glasby**

Anticipation. Assault on *Paris* 13.

3

Enjoyment. Assault on *Horde* 13

4

In Retrospect. Assault and battery

3



Charlie St. Cloud

Directed by Burr Steers

Starring Zac Efron, Amanda Crew, Augustus Prew

Released October 8

Zac Efron graduates during its early scene in *Charlie St. Cloud*. But it's less you take that literally rather than figuratively — Disney's former golden boy may have stepped into some duck-bushing drama with this adaptation of Ben Harewood's novel, but he's not quite shot of the Mouse House yet.

Reuniting with 17-year director Burr Steers, Efron is the apocryphal St. Cloud. Before eight down to his baby blues and inner belly button, he's the bon-a-baiting brother you always dreamed of having: scrutable, playful, sensitive. Quids in, then, for younger sibling Sam (Charlie Sheen), who Charlie treats over like a father (outbreaching his late, coaching him in baseball). "God, that boy is just too good!" grips Sam's late interest Tina (Amanda Crew), and you almost feel her pain.

Fast-forward five years and Charlie's now really comfortable. Sam's been killed in a car crash. Charlie is drifting, talking to dead people and working as a gardener instead of following his dreams. Are his reasons for this deeply departed brother's death of Charlie's splintered psyche, or a conscience altogether more mysterious about?

So far so absorbing. Winsome dialogue

aside ("We can't put life on hold, Charlie, it doesn't wait for us," advises black-and-white mentor Ken Baugher early on), *Charlie St. Cloud* begins back and breathy — all *Lord of the Rings* saccharine and brotherly booster. Even the traumatic accident that claims Sam's life is deftly handled, as Steers allows the crunch of metal and the splatters of blood to hit us right in the face (you'll be glad it's not in 3D).

But while the no-holds-barred approach initially works, it soon dries the film into histrionic waters. A third act U-turn feels forced, distorting the drama that came before, while further squelches happenings as the film's climax cannot *St. Cloud* entirely.

Not that Mouse can be blamed on Efron. Quite the opposite — the 22-year-old attacks the material fearlessly, offering his most mature performance to date. It's a definite move in the right direction to complement. He and Crew killer. Sadly, the dialogue descends into such tediousness that only phony Best Augustus Prew (Josh Aaron Johnson, dressed with Russell Brand) manages to buoy a weak but off-kilter code-as-one delivery. It's the kind of "amen, amen!" discourse typical of the very aged turn-flick that Efron is clearly straining to escape.

Not a total wreck, then, with central younglings Efron, Crew and Prew easily shouldering their dramatic share. But in its desperation to move audience members to tears, *Charlie St. Cloud* begins to lose a heart for itself. **Josh Wainling**

Anticipation. Efron ducked the *Twilight* remake for this. Good sign?

3

Engagement. Repassive human shots lead *Charlie St. Cloud* an elegant aura that's as easy on the eye as its lovely young stars, but the script needed more of a buff.

2

In Retrospect. Efron excels, proving he's leading-man material. But sign-post acting and drill-'em-home emotional beats weigh things down. Rubbish ending, too.

2

Robin Williams

Stand-up Guy

Interview by Ellen E. Jones

Select Filmography Robin Williams

World's Greatest Dad (2008)
Night at the Museum (2006)
Juno (2007)
One Hour Photo (2002)
Disenfranchised Man (1998)
Patric Adams (1995)
Good Will Hunting (1997)
Mrs. Doubtfire (1993)
Topsy (1982)
Dead Poets Society (1989)
Good Morning, Vietnam (1987)
Popeye (1986)

Over the course of this conversation, Robin Williams will break into a total of seven different impersonations, including a Boston accent, a rather poor Sean Connery and a HAL, none that goes on so long, it eventually becomes silly (at which point, he really gets into it).

By the standards of Robin Williams, most of a comedian's jokes, due to, of course, fairly mainstream. He's probably a little forgotten because it's the last interview before lunch, but perhaps we owe him a second to the movie that's brought us him. Today, Williams is sitting in his Kensington hotel room to promote a movie which requires no cross-dressing, French accents, singing genres or overwhelming audio presence — just himself, the actor, playing an ordinary, manual-laborer being.

Robin's *Good Will Hunting* is the final film directed by crumbly stand-up Robert Goldblatt, a friend of Williams' since they met on the West Coast comedy circuit in the '70s. Williams initially read Goldblatt's script something to use his Hollywood clout to help the film get made. "When he did *Shogun* the Glass [Goldblatt's 1998 directorial debut], I played Jary the Monk as a dancer, and I was like, 'Let me see what I can play.' Then I thought, 'No, actually, this is really good.'"

Goldblatt's first two films about, respectively, an alcoholic clown and a woman who performs a sex act on her dog, laid out his call as a maker of persons yet surprisingly sensitive characters. Robin's *Good Will Hunting*, which deals with the aftermath of a death via automatic asphyxiation, is certainly no bid for the mainstream. Williams was in Lance Clayton, a high school teacher of outspicing people, played by additional funny antihero, a day-gloified and a actually decent teenage son. Unlike so many recent projects, Goldblatt's script never wrenched Williams' comedic skills beyond awareness and into anything, instead, it perfectly does what it does best.

The role seems tailor-made to fit his appearance, talents and even past career. "It's like *Dead Poets Society*," Williams jokes. It was an unintentional parallel, he insists, but accidental or otherwise, Williams hasn't had such interesting material to work with in a long while. At Lance is most embody

crushing disappointment, gaudy banishment and soul-wrenching grief, while performing a balance of humor as pathos — and he excels.

When the young Robin McLaurin Williams graduated from his theatre course at the prestigious Juilliard School of performing arts, a career in acting was not what he had in mind. He sought dramatic roles and it was only when they were underfoot that he took a detour into stand-up. "Obviously, I'm a character actor," he says. "Play the crazy crook? Sure, done. The stinkhole friend? Okay, if you need me. The Brown guy? [How he breaks into a Boston accent] Sure, done that, right there."

"Obviously," he says, because the image of Robin Williams as a juggling clown is not one most observers of his 30-year movie career would recognize. There have been numerous dramas like *Good Morning, Vietnam* (1987), *The Fisher King* (1991) and *Good Will Hunting* (1997), but the Williams brand remains firmly on a bankable mix of comedy and lusty like *Hook* (1993), *Madras* (1992) and *Mrs. Doubtfire* (1993), culminating in a series of films in the late '90s to early-2000s, such as *Wild About Bo*, *Disenfranchised Man* in 1998 was revealed to call him the American of sentimental screen comedy. When Williams branched out into recognizable trademarks (beards, glib-witted mien) (*One Hour Photo*) and domestic hit TV projects (*Don't Be a Dummy*) in 2002, it was a focused effort from the company.

"I thought, 'I can't keep playing the same part,'" Williams admits. "At that time things were starting to feel limiting. You just play your guy! The kind of multi-faceted character? No. You've got to break us if that otherwise you're doomed." But if his break was a comedienne, it was his, he admits, personally. "That wasn't a turning point. It's about like a voice moment, like a live one, there are just ups and downs there."

His personal life in the following years provided plenty of material for his upcoming film career. After 20 years of sobriety, he realized a relapse in 2006 and checked himself into rehab, then his brother passed away the following year, his second wife filed for divorce in 2006 and the chaos on the tragedy cake was an emergency heart operation last year.

Not that would have any tiding of Williams'

personal turmoil from his work. "I don't talk about my own life, but there's other people where their lives are," he says. "I have a friend where a movie that talks about his dysfunctional marriage and his life is there in the audience every night. I'm like, 'How do you do that?'"

Williams' trademark chaotic style — the wildly anachronistic images of humor and improvisation — always served him about revealing his true personality during delicate moments: many from it. While he clearly values Goldblatt's script from several years over the course of the interview, the Williams, often looking down at some as exactly. "The most hard of anyone about it. I'll think, 'Oh, I can't say that.' Then someone will talk about it and, usually because it's something they've been through, they can get away with it."

Unlike most professional show-offs, Williams does not come across as overly, or even particularly confident. In a space of modesty, he's quick to anticipate any criticism, however vaguely implied. "People ask, 'Why did you make *Old Dogs*?' he says, before the subject has even changed. "Because it was the life. We're just out of whack. Good luck. You've got to get out there." Then, without leaving room for any hesitation, the movies start spilling out. "It was also a chance to work with John [Dawson], who I adore. It was meant to be something to take your kid to and have a good time."

Perhaps those films also provide a sort of break between the more challenging world. "It's not even a comfort zone," he insists. "It's more comfortable doing this movie with Bob than the other ones. Because on those ones there's a pressure. The movie has to do a certain number for it to be okay. With this movie, Bob said, 'I have no idea what this will open the door! But in a weird way it has. It's allowed him, hopefully, to make the next movie. And that's cool.'"

Perhaps, as it turns out, Goldblatt has shed the Williams a favor. The director may have needed a big name to get his movie made, but Williams also needed someone to come along and then hit out of a career rut. Take two credits imprisoned in the same profited Hollywood system, they collaborated to find an escape route. But can Williams make it on the outside? That remains to be seen.



World's Greatest Dad

Directed by Robert Goldwyn

Starring Robin Williams, Daryl Sabara, Morgan Murphy

Released September 24

You probably thought you could happily go through the rest of your life without ever visiting a trade John Williams drug bomb over a swimming pool. You were wrong. And Robert Goldwyn, like the guy with the squawky voice from *Pink Flamingos*, is exactly the filmmaker to prove it.

In *World's Greatest Dad*, Goldwyn's dead film is writer-director Williams plays high school poetry teacher Lance Clayton, but *Dead Poets Society* this is not. The drama of Lance's life is hardly worth carping—his dreams of a successful writing career have fallen flat, his girlfriend fired shamelessly with all his colleagues, and he's the single parent of a vile teenage son on the verge of expulsion from school.

This latter circumstance is most fully realized thanks to actor Daryl Sabara, who as perfect as Lance's son Kyle. Never before has such a sweet, rags-filled person, such an aloof and miserable tragic slouched across our screens. Sabara, in other words, has nailed adolescence. Despite being on the waning end of consensus such as "it's bad enough having a teacher as a dad. Being seen with one sends in AIDS." Lance person has with equable good humor until something truly awful happens

and all our expectations about what, exactly, is going on here go flying out the window.

Famously, Hitchcock banned his cameras to screenings of *Psycho* to preserve the film's surprise. Less famously, Goldwyn banned reviewers from revealing a key plot detail when *Sleeping Dogs*, his second film in 15 years, came out in 2007. Boring, perhaps, but justified, and *World's Greatest Dad* confirms Goldwyn's membership of that minority of filmmakers whose work unfolds in genuinely unexpected ways.

This is such a rare quality that seeing a on-screen lay have the visual pleasures from which most mainstream film seems to be constructed. And from an actor like Williams, so often associated with exactly the kind of successful cynicism that this film so delicately satirizes, it's an extraordinary performance.

Showing a *Dad* for the incongruous emotion, Goldwyn's film is full of moments that are outrageous yet thoughtful, challenging yet sweet. The scene where Lance breaks down, crying in front of a newspaper's shelf of porn mags because they remind him of his son's fatherhood, when he was reluctant to be happy for a successful colleague while

fumbling to unpack his patient's Tupperware lunch, it's exquisitely sad. But most triumphantly, by the time you witness Robin Williams' made dad, you'll just know it makes perfect sense.

Credulity never lessens, *World's Greatest Dad* pokes a hole in our plucky attitudes regarding, death and worldly success without ever touching human behavior beyond acceptance for the sake of a cheap gag. It also marks the moment when Robert Goldwyn ceased to be the guy with the squawky voice from *Pink Flamingos* and became the director of films that *John Ajak* wishes he could make. **Eliza E. Jones**

Anticipation. Goldwyn's last film didn't make much of a splash, but those who saw it were impressed.

Engagement. Funny, thoughtful and full of surprises.

In Retrospect. We can't wait to see what Goldwyn does next.



Police, Adjective

Directed by **Corneliu Porumboiu**
 Starring **Dragoș Bucur, Vlad Ivanov, Irina Săulescu**
 Released **October 2**

The scathingly raucous follow-up to the acclaimed *12:08 East of Bucharest* — a key work in the renaissance of Romanian cinema — *Police, Adjective* is a brilliant black comedy about language, power and law enforcement. Offering an absurdist yet deadpan meditation on bureaucracy and moral conscience, this Cannes prize-winning film also offers a witty and thoroughly accurate dissection of the police genre.

Crisu (Dragoș Bucur, best known to UK audiences for a brief appearance in Cristi Puiu's *The Death of Mr. Lazarescu*) is a young undercover cop who undergoes a crisis of conscience when he is pressured to arrest a teenager who, despite numerous warnings, continues to offer habitat to his classmates. Reluctant to ruin the life of an otherwise decent and law-abiding young man, he considers secretly irresponsible, Crisu must either allow the arrest to be a burden on his conscience, or face censure by his self-aggrandizing, authoritarian superior Anghelescu (the marauding Vlad Ivanov of *4 Months, 3 Weeks & 2 Days*), for whom the word 'conscience' has an entirely different meaning.

Inspired by the observation of a friend who declared his duty experience in the local police force, and by a headline-grabbing story involving a brother

who informed on his dope-dealing sibling, Porumboiu takes a forensic and yet deeply humanist approach to his material. Shot in the director's hometown of Vâlcea, the feel for character, place and landscape is tangible, and so is a snapshot of contemporary Romania — with its waste grounds, bureaucracy and air of stagnation — the film is both acute and subtle.

Gang Brown and *Academy's* *Blue Is the Face* in influences, Porumboiu documents the chaos of the idealistic Crisu by observing his daily habits and tasks in real time. As we watch the policeman going about his life and fulfilling his professional responsibilities — most of which are mundane, mind-numbingly unexcited and almost worthless — we slowly come to grasp his moral and philosophical make-up and the context to which he refused to bow to spotty, pointless procedure and prosecution stands him in muted contrast to his colleagues and superiors.

Porumboiu's approach extends to the domestic scenes between Crisu and his partner, where everything is discussed and multiple meanings and inferences considered. A conversation about metaphysics is particularly deftly played. In the film's already much-discussed first sequence between Crisu and Anghelescu where, dictionary at hand,

they engage in an intense discussion of the meanings that can be ascribed to words like 'morality', 'law' and 'conscience', Porumboiu gently mocks *Police, Adjective* to its final comic and intellectual pay-off, and from mere 'pretensions' into something far more significant. **Jason Wood**

Anticipation. The follow-up to *12:08 East of Bucharest*. One of the key works in recent Romanian cinema.

4

Enjoyment. The writing, direction and performances are first rate. This affirms Porumboiu's reputation as one of the most exciting talents in European cinema.

4

In Retrospect. Complex, intellectually rigorous and yet incredibly enjoyable on multiple levels.

5



BRANCHAGE

INTERNATIONAL
FILM FESTIVAL 2010

23-26

SEPT

EMB

ER

PASSES **£69**

TRAVEL PACKAGES FROM **£92**

BRANCHAGEFESTIVAL.COM

**4 DAYS OF
FILMS & MUSIC
LIVE SOUNDTRACKS
INDUSTRY EVENTS
& PARTIES IN JERSEY**

Worth crossing waters for
The Guardian



Jersey



**TRY THE WORLD'S
BEST MAGAZINES
FOR FREE**

www.stackmagazines.com/trial-offer



//STACK

MAGAZINES THAT MATTER

WWW.STACKMAGAZINES.COM



Gaspar Noé

Cinema Sadist

Interview by Marilyn Geeretro

Filmography
Gaspar Noé

Enter the Void (2009)

Irreversible (2002)

I Stand Alone (1994)

Carne (1984)

Gaspar Noé is a hard man. He admits as much during the interview, explaining the long journey he has endured in bringing his movies, *Enter the Void*, to the screen. "I need alcohol and to get back into real life. Some doctors say they'll take six months off, and they cannot do it. I really could. It's been too long."

Eight years ago Noé unleashed one of the most shocking films of all time as *Irreversible*. His latest effort, although not as openly barbaric and violent, still places heavy demands on the viewer.

It starts as it usually goes on, with a rape—five crude sequences accompanied by blaring techno music before settling into a drug-addled delirium that is never escapes. *Enter the Void*, Noé rightly says, is "a real mind-fuck."

Taking multiple inspiration from literature, his own drug experiences and psychological cinema—Ken Russell's *Midnight Sex* is a major influence—the director runs riot with some of the most breathtaking language ever seen. It's a film you must fully submit to in order to get the most from. Described by the director as a "psychiatric melodrama," it unfolds in its own weird, disjointed pace into a phenomenology of hallucinations, unremembered memories and tortured visions.

The *Thesis Book of the Dead* and *Lady in the Lake* might seem strange bedfellows, but these texts each provided something unique on which to base his new work. "I'd never seen what people call an 'artful project' on screen. I never had one myself, but I thought it would be very curious. You can tell by the end of the movie that it's not religious. It is not a film about. I enjoyed putting what an audience deserves could be before death. I think there would be far less narrative than my movie and scenes, certainly more abstract. In the end, it's a very conventional movie. The style is experimental."

It took Noé years to flesh out the narrative (an early draft was set in the Andes) and the project

went through a series of evolutions and alternate scenarios before locking down in Tokyo to explore the intense (and borderline incestuous) bond between an orphaned brother and sister. "It was very difficult to convince people to shoot in Japan. But people are much more attached to Tokyo nowadays. The American Dream is gone and there's no fascination with American culture anymore."

On the subject of the close relationship between his two lead characters, Oscar and Lléida, Noé really isn't concerned if people read too much into the meaning of their sex-up. Despite his penchant for exploring dark desires and taboo subjects, he's adamant: it's not about incest. "It's not an incest movie. They're lost and want to reproduce the family roles. He looks like the father, she looks like the mother. I wouldn't say there's a tension but the only way they can recreate what they lost would be, as a couple, to have a young boy and a young daughter. Of course they never go that far. It's like a lost paradise that they are dreaming of, but there's no one between them in the movie."

The three-month Japanese shoot posed great logistical problems that appear to have taken Brazilian efforts to rival. Both *Irreversible* and its predecessor, 1996's *I Stand Alone*, were relatively low-budget endeavors. *Enter the Void* is an ambitious, large-scale production in a foreign land. "I don't think I could go through such an exhausting shoot again. I won't make a movie this big for at least 10 years. Everybody worked so long and everybody worked so hard that there were no more. If you want to make a movie with everybody aware, and the more makes people more. But I'm very happy with the result."

His last two films both feature a running, floating camera style which moves with spiritual grace, as if the camera is an entity moving in and out of all surfaces and objects at will. The script Noé produced was around 300 pages long and focused on the visual aspects and set pieces.

The most arresting scene takes place towards the end of the third act at the moon-flooded low hotel where all the main characters gather to fuck while their guitars glow and shimmer, unmarred in crimson wall-to-wall beds.

While Noé famously shot *Irreversible* with a cheapo digital camera and improvised the rest, *Enter the Void* clearly called for a grander plan. Even now he admits that he's disappointed that he didn't get everything he wanted on the screen due to technological and financial constraints. "Shooting with a crane is very difficult and we had to know some stuff and we didn't have any money," he sighs. "There were when I wanted to do but couldn't."

Another experimentation happens barely in his final cut. *I Stand Alone* prepared audiences for its hard cinema with an on-screen warning followed by a timer counting down from 30 seconds to zero. Those who stepped in a druged father rape and murder his severely disabled daughter.

Irreversible further enhanced his reputation and won numerous awards despite receiving vicious critical reactions and flaming reviews across the globe. It was a film nobody saw coming and caused an utter furore when screened at Cannes back in 2002. "Irreversible was done with the energy of the moment. It was compact and raw," is how Noé describes it today.

Asked about being a magnet for controversy, he seems unapologetic, slightly disinterested or maybe he just doesn't care. After all, there is no harm in being controversial. "Enter the Void doesn't have the shock value of *Irreversible*," Noé warns. "There is no more that is shocking—the car crash. Nobody expected that. In France, when it comes to sex and violence, people aren't as shocked. But if I wanted to make *Irreversible* today, I'm not sure they would give me the money I might need for the financing."

The narrative world of Gaspar Noé is not for the faint-hearted or easily offended. Enter the void only if you dare.



Enter the Void

Directed by **Gaspar Noé**
 Starring **Nathaniel Brown, Pui de la Horta, Cyril Ray**
 Released **September 29**

Gaspar Noé, a filmmaker with shocking command of the medium, likes to mix shock tactics with depth of expression. He's often dismissed as just another *sexploitation*, a nutcase in love with courting audiences, contemporary cinema's grand idiot.

Enter the Void is nowhere so far confrontational as his 2002 rape-revenge thriller punch *Irreversible*, but we are nevertheless forced to navigate a stomach-churning fantasia of a man's journey through various levels of reality as he inches ever closer to death and resurrection.

Make no mistake, Noé's film is a hard slog, but one that is well worth the effort. Despite the *de rigueur* violence, explicit sex and general unpleasantness, this is a work of pure cinema—a work often heralded around but very rarely named.

Brother and sister Oscar (Nathaniel Brown) and Linda (Pui de la Horta) live in a drug-induced stupor in semi-deserted Tokyo on the cusp of insanity. Life is a petty drug dealer having an affair with his friend's mother, the is a stripper and gangster's moll. They are orphans who share an extremely close relationship in which

each appears to take on the role of father and mother. Noé never really suggests it is more than this, yet it probably won't stop people reading it as an incestuous coupling.

Around the half-hour mark, Oscar is shot by police officers on the balconies of the *Vind* nightclub's after being set up during a drug exchange. He collapses into the fetal position around a radio bowl then launches onto a trajectory where pain, passion and future blur and coalesce into increasingly trippy-like heights.

As with the very best horror film, Noé wants a physical response beyond the standard emotional investment. He's not asking either. He'll goad and provoke with a fiendish arsenal of cinematic tools. What satisfaction he gets from this is anybody's guess.

The great *Void* of *Enter the Void* is the experience of the journey seen through the eyes of Oscar. *Lady in the Lake* is a major influence. We see inside his head, his dreams, his thoughts, his nightmares and his history. Once or twice we see his scored face but mostly Oscar is an unseen, counting, even slightly comic figure.

The true stars are cinematographer Bruce Dickie and the director's own cinema operation Noé and his team designed extreme camera movements that bump, climb, circle, drop, criss, pan, spin and swirl across body landscapes and an ever-drooping fantasy Tokyo. It exists between the hypnotic and fascinating.

Is *Enter the Void* the ultimate trip? One could argue Gaspar Noé doesn't make films at all, he makes endurance tests. Yet the feeling that this is a landmark moment in cinema is hard to shake. **Maryn Coeniglio**

Anticipation. Noé is back. Should we make a run for it? **4**

Engagement. Numbing and revelatory. Like being on acid, only not. **4**

In Retrospect. It moves in mysterious ways. **4**

F

Directed by **Johannes Roberts**
 Starring **David Schofield, Elias Koteas, Ruth Gunning**
 Released **September 17**



'F' stands for 'fail' — in the case of Johannes Roberts' *passably* constrained torture flick, at least. Upon handing back a bunch of class tests, it's that unsatisfactory grade that sets off a chain of shocking events, starting with the swift reports of a devastating headshot courtesy of a disgraced student. Take that, teach!

Seven months on, we find Mr. Anderson (David Schofield) increasing with fear and self-loathing. Now a middle-aged divorcee, he's estranged from his daughter and curiously ill-equipped to handle his class. His warning cues to colleagues fall on deaf ears, but a hefty slice of British-gro-so-pic is served up when a gang of hoodies breaks into college after hours and starts setting this up.

For reason Roberts never dares to reveal, these particular hoodlums are an irresponsible bloodbath. As everyone knows, race habitually lures

in/obscurest formation with the lethal mouth of a pack of dogs, but such an element of explanation offered for the moment that *well*ish, Roberts must be marked down. So too for making an obscure, numbing housebound film's chat prognosis.

But while Anderson is hardly an affable chap, the shoe-leather society guards, story heaviness and unadmirable *horror* of verbal students that complete the vision but will only enervate feelings of dusty nihilism. Really, Roberts has failed to lose the first lesson of horror cinema: make the audience care.

The pacing doesn't help either. After the results of an intriguing set-up fail to flower, any vestige of narrative sense is left to rot for the next 40 minutes, as each character is tracked down and picked off in increasingly greasy fashion. What's worse, the whole twisted chain is disrupted by an incessant sub-Gothicisms score that adds little

in the way of atmosphere.

With severely underdeveloped characters, gratuitous violence and a go-nowhere plot, *F* is among the worst of British cinema in the class of 2010. **Adam Woodward**

Anticipation. An existing title, but there's little else to feed expectation.

2

Enjoyment. Get the red marker out; this is senseless, ASBO-baiting trash.

1

In Retrospect. F-off.

1

Why Did I Get Married Too?

Directed by **Tyler Perry**
 Starring **Tyler Perry, Janet Jackson, Jill Scott**
 Released **September 3**



American filmmaker Tyler Perry is hardly new on these shores, but over the past few brand of low-key urban comedy is a very big deal. Anybody wondering what the fuss is about is in for a lesson, however.

For years the actor/writer/director was the *Sister* household name — Hollywood's south-bayest career with an arsenal of box-office slam-dunks alongside a history of subtle in stage plays that make millions on the urban theatre circuit. Yet more came to the UK. To add to the mystery, his movies bypassed critics, finding success in the one-stop Christian boardroom of Multi-Media's black communities. And all the time his recurring characters, the wisdom-sprouting Southern churchgoers, happened to be played by Perry himself, all under the fire of him on stage. What did the UK see in this guy?

If *Married* is anything to go by, Perry's success seems ready to have come from being startlingly unadventurous. Others have done the same, but this cinematic version of an *X-Factor* Christian single.

Perry is the Black Jesus Cowed, connecting the paper straws and pieces of the culturally conservative — is hardly reason to roll out the red carpet and welcome his arrival to the UK.

Boasting four awning-bland couples arguing in their suburban holiday home for two hours,

it is a wearying procession of stereotypes (Janet Jackson is the counsellor who can't look after her own life), malice, and endless revelations (one played out in front of a fireworks display) and a relentless focus on her guys with their own off.

While all the hype that preceded Perry's arrival no doubt fuelled by his production credits on *Emmerdale* and *Prime* — you can't help but feel underwhelmed. It's a shapeless plot and a cinema writing a comedy from a sermon-turned-sermon really the best he has to offer? This is frustrating at its most simple — an effortless railing of easy answers by a jam-the-does manipulator. Tyler Perry is over almost before he's served. **James King**

Anticipation. An American superstar finally hits these shores.

4

Enjoyment. Bits of other predictability will be well satisfied.

1

In Retrospect. Over-hyped, over late... And just over.

1

Sheffield
Doc/Fest

in association with **mediaguardian**

The Truth is - Out There

3-7 NOVEMBER 2010

THE UK'S MOST IMPORTANT DOCUMENTARY
AND DIGITAL MEDIA FESTIVAL

REGISTER NOW! -

WWW.SHEFFDOCFEST.COM

Don't think it's just delegates going to the films
workshops, screenings and networking parties!

Students get great discounts
on delegate passes!

Go to www.sheffdocfest.com

FILM & SELECTED SESSION TICKETS
GO ON SALE FROM MONDAY 4 OCTOBER

Book on-line www.sheffdocfest.com or call Office
0114 255 8999 or book film tickets online
www.sheffdocfest.com

Free for your FREE Festival Magazine in
The Guardian on Saturday 16 October for the (11)
Doc/Fest programme

And every for updates on monthly screenings
in Sheffield and at Cinema Cinemas London.

FREE FESTIVAL FILMS FOR
STUDENTS & OAPs*

GET 10 FILMS FOR THE PRICE
OF 8 WITH A TEN/DOC PASS.

*subject to the Student Identification
scheme. 100% return to members

BRITDOC



British
Documentary
Festival

Welsh
Doc Festivals

Documentary
Festival
London

sheffdoc

Documentary
Festival

MEDIA

doc/fest

Doc/Fest

Doc/Fest

Camden Film

BRITDOC

NESTA

Doc/Fest

Doc/Fest

Doc/Fest

Doc/Fest

MINDIGITAL

current

Doc/Fest

Doc/Fest

SHOOTING PEOPLE'S
FILM OF THE
MONTH

shootingpeople.org/watch

We want your artist films!

Celebrated artist filmmaker Matthew Barney will
be giving a personal review of the highest voted
films uploaded to Shooting People throughout October

Shooting People

Jean Reno

Gallic Gunslinger

Interview by Jason Gaddyer

Select Filmography
Jean Reno

22 Bullets (2002)

Couples Retreat (2000)

The Da Vinci Code (2006)

The Crimson Rivers (2000)

Rein (1999)

Léon (1994)

Nikita (1990)

The Big Blue (1989)

Subway (1995)

The Last Battle (1993)

For as an actor whose movie-to-date for the past three decades has been violent tough guys, and, relative, hard-boiled heroes, Jean Reno is disarmingly courteous and unarmored in person. Reducing to a raggedy wing-broken Eiderdown's Cadeau-like Hawk he puffs down his hooded hood through tiny kitchen glasses, punctuating his statements with feral grins and dragging his shoulders as only the French can. Until the subject turns to violence, that is. Then he locks eyes in a flinty stare, shifts his weight to the edge of his chair and leans forward.

"Maybe people like to see scenes of violence and sometimes even to evil guys, but I don't find that attractive," he explains. "Somebody who has done something bad has to be punished. Of course there are a lot of amazing things we can talk about like God and charity, and it can be like a Greek tragedy, but the fact is that these people kill and hurt people and that is not good."

Not, perhaps, the viewpoint you'd expect from someone who has made his name as Hollywood's go-to Gallic gunslinger. Whatever his personal opinions on violence, a quick glance through Reno's back catalogue shows he performs better when he has a gun in his hand (*Léon*, *The Crimson Rivers*) than on (*Les Vaincus*, *The Pink Panther* retakes). And for his latest role in Richard Berry's bleak, bloody gangland saga thriller *22 Bullets*, he has plenty of opportunities to prove it.

Loosely based on a real-life incident involving Marseille's so-called "Last Godfather," Jacques "Mad Jack" Imbert, the film has a tale of friendship, betrayal and homicide more bloodier than *Seven* and flows even more slowly. Reno plays Charly Mariel, a gangster who goes back to the Mols in favor of a quiet retirement spent with his domineering wife and two young kids in rural France. Someone, it appears, takes offense to his decision and the opening

credits are barely over before he is slumped against his bullet-ridden Mercedes in an underground car park, a pool of blood, red blood forming around his head. Longbody After making a Lancelot-like recovery, he awakes his wife's plea and heads off to meet one some "three parties" on their respective.

It's the kind of role Reno suits for himself and he carries it off with typical toughness. All few drenching and cold days, Charly makes a genuine sense of someone as he ramblingly executes those who turned against him. By all accounts, Imbert had a similar ability to make even hardened criminals glad in their last days, but despite viewing him, Reno says he found little of his performance on the microphone.

"Richard said he wanted to meet me but I don't like the idea of imitating somebody. We had dinner in his lawyer's house but he was not talking about much. He is old now, 70, but the fact that he was older and worried to die. They said that he killed the people who shot him but nobody proved it. He was never caught by the police. People like that, who are old, aren't going to talk about their lives. He wasn't bragging, 'I've done this, I've done that.' A real mobster doesn't talk."

Whether Imbert got up to it in his retirement, the film paints a distinctly impressive picture of life in the Marseille Mols. Reno was hoped and overbooked on the film's dead gangster genre up and led to deep; while half-day murder scenes are kept in business shipping body parts from one wounded mobster to another. It's gut-churning stuff for sure but apparently Imbert himself found it all rather tame.

"Richard spent a lot of time with him to get the ambience and all the other things correct," Reno explains. "And after he saw the movie Imbert and we had made somebody who was neither that innocent."

Whether it makes Imbert's high watermark of sympathy or not, Reno says is the film's responsibility

to portray violence on screen the way it is in real life: bloody and messy. "The violence is necessary so that you know with whom you are playing," he says. "The challenge was to put the audience against the wall through showing the violence of this guy and then to take them by the hand and make them cry by the end. To make them accept his redemption. That was the goal. We couldn't lose another normal mob movie, which would not have been very interesting. It was important to make the audience appreciate Mariel and give him a second chance."

Now 41, with a career spanning more than 30 features, Reno, unlike Mariel, shows no signs of calling it quits. But he too has a past he cannot seem to escape. It was film such as *Subway*, *The Big Blue*, *Nikita* and *Léon*, made with director Luc Besson throughout the '80s and '90s, that propelled him to worldwide fame. And with Besson married to his latest film in production, the two stars decided to forever be married in the same break. While he is officially to break into Besson's bedroom during the night holding a Beretta, Reno can't resist taking a parting shot at his old cop.

"The other day I saw a drawing of a porno scene being shot," he smiles. "There was a girl on a bed, a guy with the camera, a director and as some with a pistol like a donkey. The director was saying to the actor, 'Don't forget that I made you what you are.' That's my life, it is serious. It's actually the reality. The director made him but he had the pistol. It is someone who robs Robert De Niro, or so Robert De Niro who gave him talent to make the movie to reach a high level for someone's life. It is a good question."

Perhaps Predator was right, the past is never dead. Now it is even past.

Check out the full transcript online in the week of the film's release.



22 Bullets

Directed by **Richard Berry**

Starring **Jean Reno, Kad Merad, Gabriella Wright**

Released **September 3**

The opening five minutes of Richard Berry's *22 Bullets* may leave viewers wondering if the film has started or if the ads are still rolling. Soft piano chords swell in the background as a middle-aged woman and her cherubic son bid farewell to an elderly help, trading beaming smiles and loving hugs as they go. Driving along the picturesque Côte d'Azur, the father sings along to Puccini while the son playfully laces his cheek. It's the sort of sickly sweet scene you might find in an advert for cod liver oil capsules, or a French retirement home. Until a horde of hooded gangsters follow them into a car park and shoot the man to pieces.

Our daring father, it transpires, is Charly Mami (Jean Reno), a former gangland boss who gave up his share of the business to spend a quiet retirement with his wife and children. But his former partner Tony Zacheo (Kad Merad) seems him out of the very personality, and orders the hit. Somehow Mami survives and, ignoring his family's wishes, sets about taking revenge on those who betrayed him.

The film proceeds to mull the same vein as it begins, swinging back and forth between scenes of

grely slow-violence and unceremonious democracy. Mami is bashing a hoodlum's head in a car door one minute, then playing happy families and making tear-jerking speeches about mortality the next. "Gangsters are human too!" seems to be the message.

The script is loosely based on an anecdote involving real-life Marseille maelstrom "Mad Jacky" Imbert, who was shot in a car park in Cassis in 1977. But rather than delving into Imbert's too double colourful past, Berry and co-writers Mathieu Delaporte and Alexandre de La Pautrière are content to use the event as the launch pad for a farcical thriller.

Reno brings his trademark gravity to the role, whether stoically gunning down bad guys or sharing his future plans with a stray cat in a rare comic interlude. But he's hardly scratching himself. Likewise Merad puts impressions in a dedicated but disenchanted police officer, but like Reno he is fighting a losing battle against the clichés.

Berry does his best with a series of banal action sequences that recall the work of producer Luc Besson. Making liberal use of crane shots, fast pans and choppy cuts, his restless camera darts as way

through a series of car chases, gunfights and close-quarter brawls.

It may be slick but the film lacks the spark of invention needed to make it more than the sum of its parts. The hot tar French gangster picture has been set high of late with Jean-François Richet's ambitious *Marseille* two-parter and Jacques Audiard's superlative *A Prophet*. Among the works such as these, *22 Bullets* feels tired, unoriginal and dated. **Joan Goodyer**

Anticipation. Jean Reno back in an action thriller. It has to be better than *Couper Retenir*.

Engagement. It's slow to get going and even then doesn't get very far.

In Retrospect. A generic, derivative gangster yarn.

My Son, My Son, What Have Ye Done

Directed by **Werner Herzog**
Starring **Michael Shannon**,
Grace Kubrka, **William Bafar**
Released **September 18**



It's typical—you wait ages for a fiction film from Werner Herzog and then two turn up at once. But after the unrelenting mystery of *Bad Landers*, Herzog has turned down the melodrama to present us with a tale that has a positively unending and creepy air.

Based on a true story, *My Son* begins with the discovery of the elderly Mrs. McCullough (Grace Kubrka), who has been rubbed to death with a sword. Director Hank Haverthorn (William Bafar, adorably restrained for once) soon discovers that his actor son Reid (Michael Shannon) is responsible and has humiliated himself in a house across the street. As a potential hostage situation develops, Haverthorn attempts to piece together the events that led up to the crime with the aid of Reid's fiancée, Ingrid (Chloe Segarra), and his theatrical director. Her soon discovers a man slowly driven mad by a seemingly incomprehensible world.

Herzog once again returns to the themes that have driven him throughout his career—obsession and madness. And, as usual, the director is less interested in dealing with the underlying causes of insanity and more with how a madman *is*. He's well served by Michael Shannon, who gives a powerful and intense performance in the lead role. With more than a hint of Klaus Kinski, his brooding presence and quiet menace continually demand attention. He's ably matched by Grace Kubrka, who plays the brittle yet downstaring mother-in-law with an icy calm.

Endorsed by David Lynch, *My Son* is curiously modest of some of his work (particularly in a scene with a dwarf that might as well have David "Mr. Yip" Griffith all over it) that is *American* as nightmare. While the nature of madness may not be understood, it seems as apt response to a world that is *grotesque* as *mind-blowing* and *constraining*. Yes, for all

we understand about Herzog, he brings it moments of humor that balance the intensity on show elsewhere.

This is familiar territory for Herzog, delivered with the kind of wit and intelligence that make for a compelling crime drama and intriguing character study. **Laurence Rippe**

Anticipation. What he's done another one! Does he ever sleep?

3

Enjoyment. Unscenting but in a good way

4

In Retrospect. Will stay with you for a good while

4



Jonah Hex

Directed by **Jimmy Hayward**
Starring **Josh Brolin**,
John Malkovich, **Megan Fox**
Released **September 3**

Could we have Jonah Hex (Josh Brolin) refuse to hang on for the strong man, a choice that leads to the death of his best friend, Job Turnbull. Quorra Turnbull (John Malkovich) holds him responsible for his son's death, exacting revenge by burning Hex's young family alive before setting the Turnbull household on fire to the death.

Hex cuts the memory from his face, leaving a scarred man and gaping hole. Having stepped through death's door and been saved by a tribe of Native Americans, Hex is able to extract information from the badly killed before their souls ascend. The natives' strength also lives on in Hex as a number of orcs, which gives him the power to alter past or future, wherever it resides.

While Turnbull's army gathers Aztec warriors and plans to destroy the American way of life during Centennial celebrations, the US Army

enters Hex's help to take down his enemies.

Directed by Jimmy Hayward, whose only other directing gig came from *Dr. Seuss' How to Succeed in School*, it's categorically clear that directing Jonah Hex does not a Jonah Hex director make. While Hayward forgot on his mission from Pixar animation is the company's famed dedication to story.

Glimpses of Megan Fox's damage and depth may attempt to indicate a lack of narrative clarity, but Hayward has poured too much hope on this dubious gambit: Hex's relationship with Fox's broken-soul-sister hasn't been built to any level in which an audience can invest, and supporting characters portrayed as passing by name actors seem to sit out of place that instead of adding class to the production, they only cause confusion.

As just a blade over 70 minutes, at least the pain is over quickly. By reducing the strong category of the film

and attempting to appeal to everyone, the production successfully appeals to nobody. What makes matters more troubling is that the cinema can stay any time we approach the type of gore that could have made the film a genre-changer. Fans will feel depressed, longing for what's been excised. **Ellen V. Krich**

Anticipation. Solid comic-book foundation but poor word-of-mouth

3

Enjoyment. A disaster from start to finish

1

In Retrospect. At least it's relatively short

2



Tamara Drewe

Directed by **Stephen Frears**

Starring **Gemma Arterton, Luke Evans, Dominic Cooper**

Released **September 10**

The bucolic splendor of rural Dorset is undercut by an off-kay note of emotional violence in Stephen Frears' *Tamara Drewe*.

Based on the comic strip by Guardian columnist Poy Semmence, it concerns the romantic misadventures of London journalist Tamara Drewe (Gemma Arterton), who is forced to return to the country village of her roots after the death of her parents. Her arrival in this insular community—surrounding a fence is a dingy low-cut dress store—sets tongues wagging and hearts fluttering, as Tamara reconnects with old flame Andy (Luke Evans) and jaded local novelist Nicholas Hardstone (Roger Allam).

What could have been a straightforward tale of a girl's reversal and low-key regional roots gradually but seamlessly into something both grander and more tragic. An acquaintance with a mansion-clad rock star and the jealous attention of two bored teenage campers; the narrative uses caution, courtesy, winking from the genteel side of Ealing comedy into the darker realm of Pichipash's *Swan Dips*.

Stepping away the shading veneer of unadmitted privilege, Frears reveals a world of betrayal, desperation, bitterness and regret. Whether it's Hardstone's emotionally abusive behavior towards

his excluded wife, Andy's soulless relationship with an outcasted barmaid, or an unexpectedly graphic finale, *Tamara Drewe* radically interrogates the middle-class mores of Little England, and finds them wanting.

But there is a persistent problem with the material, and that is the character of Tamara herself. This supposedly high-flying career woman spends the movie film flip-flopping from one man to the next, desperately seeking validation through sex. Her idea of independence is simply to drop one unimpassioned lover for another—not once does she appear happy or secure in her own skin. Indeed, her proper wife's media elite has nothing to do with any great talent for journalism, but rather a mere job that transformed an isolated country girl into a socially desirable, and therefore socially acceptable, young woman.

Perhaps Frears is simply there to expose the edgy behavior of the male characters, but then why commit the narrative ones goal of becoming on a journey (after the nearly two hours) *And besides, it's not just her*. Hardstone's wife Beth (Tamsin Glegg) finds her tragic streaks powerfully underlined by Andy's declaration that the poor woman "needs a man."

There's certainly nothing wrong with the performance. Gemma Arterton makes time between blockbusters by doing some real acting, bringing an natural reality to our ambiguous heroine. Luke Evans is all brooding masculinity, while Roger Allam steals the show as the dastardly Hardstone.

It's just that it's difficult to reconcile the film's fluctuating tones. At its best, *Tamara Drewe* encapsulates a sense of fadingly small-town anomie. The question is how honestly we are meant, or able, to take it. **Man Bochinski**

Anticipation. Stephen Frears' eclectic career brings him to the English countryside

3

Enjoyment. Bright and vital one minute, dark and ambiguous the next. What's going on here?

3

In Retrospect. Throws up more troubling questions than perhaps the filmmaker intends

2

Jennifer Lawrence

Devil Inside

Interview by Nick Bostad

Filmography
Jennifer Lawrence

Winter's Bone (2008)
Dead Poet Society (2009)
The Burning Plain (2008)
The Poker House (2009)
Garden Party (2008)

A s Rec Dolly in *Winter's Bone*, Jennifer Lawrence portrays an implacable 17-year-old heroine, doomed for winter in Missouri's harsh Ozark mountains. Fully beaten by her own family as the investigator her father's disappearance from the world of men, she is an unflinching, admirable young woman. So when Lawrence opens her London headroom in a frilly low-cut blouse, short skirt and heels, it's something of a shock.

"I'm a big person in a relatively confined" the 19-year-old locally explains. "Even when we were in the airport, I didn't even know we were coming to London. I saw the, 'Where are we going—Paris?' airplane tells me what to wear, and I put this on."

Such publicity stunts are very different from her intense screen life. In 2008's *The Poker House*, Lawrence's character was raped by her prep, while in Guillermo Arriaga's *The Burning Plain*, she blew her mother up in a trailer. She has just co-starred with Mel Gibson and Jude Law in *Now's the Moment*, directed *The Runaway*, suggesting a somewhat random. But *Winter's Bone* is her creative peak so far. She's at the home of Ozark families, Lawrence built Rec in the midst of the harsh winter working-class from the film portrays.

"I thought it was bleak and beautiful in its own creepy sense," she says of the region. "The hills, the mountains, the trees were so bare because it was winter. The people are very close with their families, that's the thing I respected a lot. I felt like I had to be respectful to somebody else's home, but they were very welcoming. I've seen they had mixed feelings when they saw the film. But I think a lot of people understood it."

The sense of looming dread that director Debra

Girard builds in *Winter's Bone* comes largely from Lawrence's Rec—a short, slight girl who faces down body killers in a quest to find her father, with no hope of survival if they wish to snuff her out. "Yes, but these really wasn't another option. There really wasn't a way out of the situation—the made her own escape route. She understood going into it that she might not come back. That's why she's such a hero," Lawrence explains.

The screen shares Rec's southern fierceness, leaving her native Kentucky in her only room to pursue her professional ambitions. "Oh, yeah. I'm a rebel!" she laughs. "I grew up in Kentucky, then I moved to New York, then I moved to LA, and I grew up in all those. So I'm kind of a weird blend of them. I would never compare myself to Rec, but there's something similar in our journeys, even the way that I went through mine just to get this part."

Riding on a red eye to New York, walking into the audition going, "How I am again?" Because they find me—I didn't want me, they wanted me down multiple times. It's not taking no for an answer, and also not seeing failure as an option. I was very stupid, young and naive in the way that I went about this, because my parents didn't want me to. They were like, 'Well, what happens if you're not successful? You need to come home because we're going to send you back to high school.' I was like, 'I'm not going to fail.'"

The intensity of such of Lawrence's roles has required intense efforts to prove she can do something different. "I'm like, 'I'm an actor!'" she says, exasperated. "Just tell me what to do! I have never played a character even close to who I am in and life. I find it so amazing when people don't have enough imagination to see that I have no pretense for movies. But I've lost out so people because they

have a higher IMDb number. With the movies it's all about numbers, it's not about imagination. I remember one time I was auditioning for something by Michael Bay, and they said, 'Well you're the better actress but we think the other girl's cooler, so maybe you should wear more revealing clothes next time.' And I said, 'No! Screw you! I'm not going to do anything where you have to make a fool of yourself like this. You probably shouldn't waste any of this. I'm getting hungry and tired—would screw the studio! But I need studies for the business side of my life. I do have a good business sense. The studio side comes when I'm making the movie.'"

Growing up on the suburban edge of Louisville, Kentucky, Lawrence was always looking for a very odd, and dreamed of different lives. "I was always thinking of stories, and I was always writing. I always had make-up friends at school that I would come home and tell my mom about because it would make her laugh. In real life people weren't as funny as the people in my imagination, so I just had to come up with more. One time there was a writer when we were in LA and I said some stuff to him and he told my mom, and she said, 'She's got a darkness inside of her.' And my mom, of course, being a Southern woman, thought that I had the Devil in me. But then I also wrote a lot of comedies that were weird, silly and funny-like. I was all over the place."

"That funny life has its pros, though, for the practical, confident actors. 'I've never lost myself. It, even when I'm living. Because I don't need to go to dark places, and I don't need to research a drug role by going and looking at it, because I imagine my imagination and then do the scene just the same, and still be the same person. If it came between anything even a part of who I am and my money to make a role better, I would go with money."



Winter's Bone

Directed by **Debra Granik**

Starring **Jennifer Lawrence, John Hawkes, Kevin Breznahan**

Released **September 27**

Delicate and disturbing, *Winter's Bone* focuses on a family guarded from generations of self-sufficiency in Missouri's Ozark mountains. Addicted to crystal meth, their matriarch licks scar a woodland captured in last-crip detail by cinematographer Michael McDonough. A revealing opener shows the drug's heinous effect on the community, as two prisoners both play on redemptive empathy: This is a world of broken toys and dirty naps.

The effects of the drug force 17-year-old Ree Dolly (Jennifer Lawrence) to leave school, she's needed at home to nurse her ailing, depressive mother and two siblings. Her dad has been around—caught cooking crystal—and shipped bail. Alone and powerless, Ree tries to join the army, only to be turned down. She wanted to bring her siblings along but she can't leave them, not even for the promise of the army's \$40,000.

Lawrence vividly carries the weight of the under-defining role. With a face that flips between teen defiance and tender youth, she owns every scene she's in and dials every one. Supporting her, John Hawkes moans in Ree's crazed, drug-addicted uncle's land.

When a cop warns Ree that her father is missing and close to losing his bond (the family home), she has no choice but to search him. Briefly ignoring stolen things in view clear of the family business, Ree sets off to interrogate her neighbors, relatives about his whereabouts. She will find her dad, she tells them, dead or alive. Cue mother. Cue teenage. Cue the deadly Swamp Nation (Brianna Helt) and a gruesome bone-meat scene that will leave your memory forever.

"Ain't you got no man who could do this for you?" Ree is asked. "Noma'um. I don't." It's a telling line, for despite the brutality shown to Ree by her kin, director Debra Granik maintains that a kinship of local manners—Baptist-bred and patriarchal—clings to the backroads of *Winter's Bone*.

Granik's measured attention to detail catches this simple woodland tale in a dark and brooding dream. She lets local language and scenery run riot, opening an old-fashioned quest into something more. We get close-ups of woodland, a master-of-film look to the murder of a body by shot, aerial (lease for Ree and the kid), and a peek inside an unclear party of wretched Ozarks moaning because of filth.

Rough violence is tempered by delicate moments. In an early scene that highlights their poverty, Ree represents her little brother for covering their neighbor's heavy meal. "Never ask for what ought to be given," the matriarch. Sure enough, that night they receive a fine dinner.

But everything else is a simple threat, and the film ends with menace. It's unmissable. **Georgia Hobbs**

Anticipation. This Southern Gothic yarn moved to Sundance, Berlin and Edinburgh.

Enjoyment. Like Fred Wiseman filming a Donnie Tatis novel, a curious edge-of-the-seeker.

In Retrospect. Think a film like *Trash Humpers* offers insight into a crappy life in the poor South? *Winter's Bone* will make you see the light.

Dinner for Schmucks

Directed by **Jay Roach**
Starring **Paul Rudd, Steve Carell, Stephanie Szostek**
Released **September 3**



A loose adaptation of the 1998 French film *The Dinner Game*, *Dinner for Schmucks* is an unrelenting comedy of errors with a sense of humor that's as subtle as a sledge on a polar bear.

Paul Rudd returns a familiar guest as Tim, a go-getting executive who has his eyes firmly set on snagging a newly opened promotion. To get to the top, Tim has to negotiate a make-or-break business deal, but first he's got to find a schmuck. Enter Barry (Steve Carell). A socially inept underdog, Barry's sure of heart but slow of mind, making him the perfect guest at a dinner party hosted by Tim's boss, where whoever brings along the biggest weirdo gets his foot in the door to being top dog.

To his credit, Carell gets what wants to spit on you'll be hard pushed not to find some compassion

for him. He's also so annoying you'll be overwhelmed by the sudden urge to scratch out your eyes with an unappetizing cutlery each time his rambling goes fuses up on the screen. Rudd doesn't fair much better. His ability to ground a bromance may have made him a star, but his chuck has rapidly lost its appeal.

And so we're left to suffer, right up until the moment the aforementioned dinner date finally rolls around. It's here a movie overnight switches for at the same time we're encouraged to focus upon these corporate schmucks for taking pleasure in ripping their male guests, we're asked to do the exact same thing. When did the potheadism and debauchery of others become acceptable Hollywood punch line material?

Tim's moral U-turn might try to convert the film's misanthropy, but by the time his facile

monism is delivered, the damage has already been done. **Adam Woodward**

Anticipation. Roach went from *Austin Powers* to *Meet the Fockers*, Rudd went from *Schmuckerman* to *I Love You, Man*. Could go either way.

Enjoyment. *Dinner for Schmucks* is a banquet for morons.

In Retrospect. Romance is boring.

3

1

1

Cherry Tree Lane

Directed by **Paul Andrew Williams**
Starring **Russell Blake, Tom Burcher, Ashley Chin**
Released **September 3**



A camera's slow track towards the front door of a leafy suburban home is both the first and last exterior to be seen in the agonizingly claustrophobic *Cherry Tree Lane*. Inside, an untended pot boils over—in apocalyptic for all the boiling tension that are about to spill out in this seemingly cozy domestic space.

The credits are already showing us lovely surroundings: Christine (Rachel Blake) and Mike (Tom Burcher) walk down for a frosty dinner together. And that's before entering two guests: Ron (James Hower), Aunt (Ashley Chin) and Teddy (Ryan Macklin) burst into the house, brutally overpower the pale and flaccid ones—and so, in real time, for the reason home of their young son Sebastian, against whom Ron harbors a vague grudge.

It is clear right from this violent entrance that these boys aren't innocents, but that does not prevent them whiling away the time with astonishing dexterity. TV (*Night of the Living Dead* is on,

surely), food, drink, dope. When more of their friends arrive, there's almost a party atmosphere except for the weapons, the presence of a bound-and-brained Mike on the living room floor, and the chilling absence of Christine, earlier dragged screaming to an adjoining room by Ron. And then, for the last time, the doorbell rings again.

"You've gotta have some sort of love," says Aunt—but *Cherry Tree Lane* is determined to cross a, bringing vastly different classes and generations into explosive collision, and utterly assaulting the bourgeois norms of a society that pretends to keep its problems on the other side of the door.

"Confining" barely does justice to a home seen on film that seems in comparison to *A Clockwork Orange*, *The Last House on the Left*, *Penny Gore*, *The Great Escape* of Robert Carrivick and *Edie Lulu*. With most of the actual violence taking place beyond the camera's 35mm frame, the film achieves its reality

remains in Christine and Mike. The final image is one of haunting resolution, comparing our own darkest feelings and fantasies to flash off a story that can never really end. **Anton Bitel**

Anticipation. From the writer/director of *London Is Brighton* and *The Cottage*, anything goes.

Enjoyment. Is it possible to enjoy squirming in your seat? Yes it is.

In Retrospect. It is confounding, but also responsible, slyly interrogating the viewer's own craving for justice.

4

4

4

Buried

Directed by **Rodrigo Corra**
 Starring **Ryan Reynolds**,
Robert Paterson, **José Luis
 García Póras**
 Released October 1



Director Rodrigo Corra's *Buried* (R) is a thriller set in a coffin. Ryan Reynolds plays Paul, a truck driver in Iraq whose coffin has been attacked by insurgents. Waking in the dark to the sound of his own breathing, Paul realises he is trapped in a coffin with little more than a mobile phone and cigarette lighter for company.

And here the film will remain, documenting Paul's increasingly frantic appeals for help as America's failures and desperate war heritage become apparent: lack of gear with spinning headlights.

It is a concept that works brilliantly on paper – dramatic, poignant and macabre. And yet Corra fails to realise the idea's potential from the off. Shooting from a variety of clever-clever angles in an overzealous ploy to show clips, he breaks the chains of

confinement, and with it the claustrophobia between the drama to desperately require.

With very little in the way of emotional action, the emphatic title on Clark Spurling's screenplay to deliver a rigorous psychological drama. But in a script that needs to be rapidly plausible, there are too many little details very. Whether hanging upon the police or denouncing his ex-wife's underlings he needs her help, Spurling repeatedly has Paul act in a way that simply doesn't ring true to the moment. Worse, he employs a variety of cheap tricks to pep up a flailing narrative, from Paul's phone signal falling on cue, to the unlikely appearance of a snake.

At best Reynolds is engaging, bringing an impressive physicality to the role despite his confinement. How you feel about the ending (which

really can't be discussed without spoilers) will depend entirely on whether he brings chains more you over despite the film's modest theme. **Mark Bushmire**

Anticipation. Can you watch Ryan Reynolds for 90 minutes? We'll say yes. **3**

Enjoyment. Too concerned to deliver on an intriguing premise. **2**

In Retrospect. The feeling of being trapped in a dark space will become all too familiar. **2**

barbican do something different

Barbican Film presents...



15 Sep - 1 Oct 10

The Director's Perspectives Vincente Minnelli

Winner of the Best Director Academy Award (1958), Vincente Minnelli took musicals to a new level with exquisite performances from Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Fred Astaire and Kirk Douglas



6 Sep - 1 Oct 10

Hitchcock's Silents

Alfred Hitchcock's landmark silent films – *Blackmail*, *The Lodger* and *The Ring* – with live music accompaniment by BBC Symphony Orchestra, Neil Brand and Harmonie



25 Sep - 1 Oct 10

Cine Cuba

Celebrate Cuba on film with the Special Preview of *Chino & Rita*, Javier Mariscal and Fernando Trueba's poignant love story, and the UK Premiere of Fernando Pérez' *Marlín, the Eye of the Canary*, focusing on the early years of Cuban revolutionaries José Martí.



25 Sep - 1 Oct 10

DocSpot

Ashken highlights include: *The Artist and the Poet – Leonard Baskin & Ted Hughes in Conversation*, Sam Mendes produced doc on the Afghan underhairs, *Out of the Ashes* and more. In collaboration with the London International Documentary Festival.

Book now 0844 848 8440
barbican.org.uk/film



The City of London Corporation
 is the founder and principal
 funder of the Barbican Centre

Rhys Ifans

Dope Poet

Interview by Matt Richenthal

Select Filmography *Rhys Ifans*

Mr. Nice (2000)

Greenberg (2000)

The Boat That Rocked (2000)

Elizabeth: The Golden Age (2007)

Garfield 3 (2008)

Enduring Love (2009)

The Last State (2011)

Human Nature (2011)

Notting Hill (1999)

Twin Town (1999)

The greatest Welsh sex symbol since Tom Jones and Richard Gere, Rhys Ifans has undeniably got away. But over time he's appeared outside a Notting Hill doorway wearing nothing but his pants as the 1999 Richard Curtis film, the shockingly surreal one has attracted as much attention for his low life as his film roles. From the candid looking to the impression you get is that Ifans doesn't take any of it too seriously - he's too busy indulging in the kind of casual hedonism that would have made Burton envious.

But look can be deceiving. "It becomes deeply troubling and frightening at times," is how Ifans remembers the press attention that accompanied his relationship with Serena Miller - an affair that catapulted him into the tabloid spotlight. Photographers camped out on his doorstep, while ardent rumors circulated through the gossip column. For a local boy from Porthcawl, it was an uncomfortable reality check. "It was a pain in the ass, to say the least," he sighs. "But kind of nice for it to go away, you know? Or you knock it out of your way."

In contrast to the circus surrounding his low life, Ifans has had another serious relationship over the past decade, one that isn't now had slipped under the radar. As the story goes, he first met Howard Marks backstage at a Super Purr Animals gig shortly after the ex-dope smuggler had been released from a US prison in 1995. "The pair made a 'partners agreement' due when Marks' forthcoming autobiography, *Mr. Nice*, was adapted for the big screen, Ifans would take the lead role. Fifteen years later, that's exactly what happened.

There are nothing like between the two men. At the height of his career, Marks was a conservative actor, indulging 43 affairs and slipping easily into whatever genre he needed to make sure that he dope got wherever it needed to go. He worked with the IRA, the Mafia, MI6 and the CIA. He traveled to Ireland, America, Canada, Pakistan, Afghanistan and Thailand.

"Howard was living an anonymous life, and he was being pursued by the authorities - two things that we not plastic as my life," says Ifans. More than that, they both shared the experience of escaping from a small Welsh town - Marks in Oxford, Ifans to London - and the terror and excitement that went with it. "We know what it is to leave a small town in Wales and have the world and all the opportunities it throws up laid before you," as Ifans puts it.

While he's adamant that his friendship with Marks didn't affect the way he approached the role, Ifans has an empathy for him that's impossible to miss. He's clear that "the whole drugs law thing" needs to be addressed - "It's of the spirit of things where I think everything should be legalized and controlled," he explains, to stop the profits of the drug trade falling into the hands of "terrorists and criminals."

What, criminals like Mark? Ifans' where the conversation gets a bit darker. When he said in the past that "governments and law enforcement are the enemy of every poet," which is the kind of statement you'd expect from a shut-down. It might sound again to say it, but Howard Marks wasn't prosecuted because he was a freedom fighter who didn't puff - he was flying tons of dope around the world for other people to smoke, and maybe not all of them were as well-adjusted as him.

But Ifans is fixed on the romantic image of the outlaw adventurer. Marks, he says, was providing "a public service. He was supplying a lot of poets. It was the excitement, the buzz of going away with it, of staying under the radar, of dodging the law - that's very seductive. Like all the great pirate tales, it's a Boy's Own story."

And what about the dope smokers who weren't poets? The ones who were just high fiddling up their noses? Ifans isn't interested. "That's a *Boys' Own* story," he says, waving out the obvious smoke against anybody who does question the legitimacy

- the fact - of dope smuggling, "and that's not a film I'd be interested in being in or watching. Probably the most dangerous thing that Howard's dope did for anyone is make them possibly fill off their lives because they were too stoned."

Instead, his indulgence is reserved for the Reagan administration and the US DEA who, he claims, deliberately made an example of Marks. "It was Nancy Reagan, that horrible *Say No* campaign and the new extradition laws that were introduced by the Reagan regime," he argues. "Howard was, I think, the first time that extradition law was used. They could just walk into any country and pluck out a felon, or someone they considered to be a felon, and try them in the United States - that is no longer strictly correct."

"Although much of Howard's life is amusing and exciting, to the point conscious that you can't believe it's happening to one guy, what I found certainly in playing Howard was how much of a pain he had to put," Ifans adds. "When he was caught and sent to prison, how brutal that was. He was taken away from his family by a bullying American court and locked up. I was taken shock by how that moved me as an actor. That's the bit we tend to forget because his landing up to that was so exciting. I think the film reminds us that it was awful what happened to him. If a woman for his stature and intelligence he probably wouldn't have survived."

Marks, of course, did survive and even thrived after prison. He returned to the UK at the right time, when the mid-'90s *Academy* movement were looking for heroes. Marks was happy to play the part - although his onscreen show and lighting up in public. Ifans says a *Boys' Own* adventure, then Marks got everything he deserved, and certainly the one that Ifans wanted.

Check out the full transcript online in the work of the film's release.



Mr. Nice

Directed by **Bernard Rose**

Starring **Rhys Ifans, Chloe Sevigny, David Thewlis**

Released **October 8**

In an unglamorous time, the hope is a truly indie platform to explore the story of a strange or wonderful life. But it is often at most 'truthful' when history is approached, or at least subordinate to an subject's spirit. Here, cinema becomes not just a mirror but a telescope.

Mr. Nice, Bernard Rose's biopic of infamous Welsh dope smuggler Howard Marks, is strongest in its moments of psychedelic romantic chaos. When Rose pushes Marks into a green screen with original '70s backdrops, the effect is a self-conscious and nostalgic parable. It's in those moments of leftist control—walking through a liberated London or struggling drugs in a boat from Ireland—that both Marks' story and the broader role of the post-war nation can be told. In their absence, the film deflates.

As times it feels as if *Mr. Nice* is struggling with the same lack of identity as its protagonist, who adopted 40 aliases in his career as one of the world's biggest dope dealers. Early cinematography veers towards the kind of 'highland' man-er-come that works so well in 'drag films' like Werner Herzog's *Bad Lieutenant*. Later on, Rose evokes a more traditional heart aesthetic before finally lapsing

into courtroom finger-wagging. These styles never really coalesce, and not do they come to fruition on their own.

As Marks, go-to Welsh actor Rhys Ifans never has the chance to develop a chemistry with Lisa Foner's IRA agent Lewis, who hovers him obsessively across the globe. Marks needs to be chased by Lewis to feed his insatiable sense of rebellion, rising and losing his family in the process. But Rose doesn't draw out that dynamic, preferring instead to focus on comic vignettes or Marks' cocaine-hopping adventures.

And these adventures are interestingly fascinating considering the extent of Marks' drug dealing connections, which came to include the likes of the IRA, the CIA, the MI6 and the British Secret Service. The film also explores some of the difficult realities of being an outlaw, not least an effect on family life and Marks' relationship with wife Julia, played by a wittily accented Chloe Sevigny.

Marks' views on legislation are all too apparent, though his relationship with IRA-affiliated terrorist Jim McCann—played with lightning and often comical candor by David Thewlis—underscores a disquieting note: McCann's crime explodes into

the story from an adolescent overly nice, non-violent perspective of the drug world, and it's a bonus film for Thewlis' performance.

Mr. Nice isn't a bad bit of retrograde criticism but it does leave you wishing it had the guts to be more radical in its approach—like the decades it is set in. As it is, it's a breezy, breezy-looking biopic that doesn't really get under the skin of the man at the heart of the narrative. **Shelley Jones**

Anticipation. Rhys Ifans has his first lead role in the past he was born to play

Enjoyment. Great performances and intriguing style but it's a shallow experience

In Retrospect. Die-hard Howard Marks fans and students will delight in this homage, but it's one that assumes a little too much complexity

The Hole

Directed by **Joe Dante**
 Starring **Chris Mastaglio,**
Haley Bennett, Nathan Gamble
 Released **September 22**



Call it a flit, all you want, 3D is here to stay. And that's no bad thing if filmmakers with a desire to establish an additional dimension take their cue from Joe Dante. With his *Gremlins* and *Inferno* heyday far behind him, Dante might not seem like an obvious 3D proponent, but *The Hole* is exactly what the genre has been crying out for.

There's a simple reason why *The Hole* is head and shoulders above its contemporaries: Instead of glossy shows of modern SF, it has a story rooted deep in the '60s. It's not quite *Time Bandits* or *The Goonies*, but audiences of a certain vintage will no doubt treasure the similarities.

The plot sees a single mother (Kim Pelt) and her two sons relocate from New York to the sleepy town of Bensenville. While her eldest, Dave (Chris Mastaglio), would sooner escape town, he harbors

his younger brother Lucas' (Nathan Gamble) sense of adventure and the pair set about exploring the new family shade. What a pretty doll, even for a suspicious, heteroed-down tiny door in the middle of the basement. After noting to their neighbor Juke (Haley Bennett), to whom Dave has unsurprisingly taken a shine, the brothers uncover an ominous portal and the investigation into its genesis begins.

What works so well about Dante's kiddie horror is that it asks around a tough question: what would you do if faced with your greatest fear? It's a question our three protagonists must answer in turn, as they try to vanquish the evil they have inadvertently unleashed.

If there's a slight shortfall with the plot development, it's that we are never quite as affected by those ghosts and demons as our protagonists. Still, the domestic abuse subplot that opens the film provides a dramatic

boost makes up for any borrowed nightmares and predictable death that precede it. **Adam Woodward**

Anticipation. Dante's near-immortality in recent years makes *The Hole* hard to get excited about.

2

Enjoyment. An excellent family adventure with its heart in the '60s and its head very much in the here and now.

3

In Retrospect. The perfect comedy for 3D fatigue.

3



Wall Street: Money Never Sleeps

Directed by **Oliver Stone**
 Starring **Michael Douglas,**
Shia LaBeouf, Carey Mulligan
 Released **October 8**

Gripping has they-got-Rita! and massive mobile phone, depressed capitalist titan Gordon Gekko (Michael Douglas) steps out of prison 23 years after Oliver Stone's '80s original to learn one of life's key lessons: the more things change, the more they stay the same.

We're back on the brink of the 2008 financial apocalypse, as mini-Gekko Shia LaBeouf (watchable, fun, but never this interesting) attempts to marry the big man's estranged daughter Carey Mulligan (joining her's finance, good at crying), while becoming Gekko's protégé as a bid to take revenge over ruthless big business and jolt in the jobless wave in a modern money-making heist.

There's plenty of script to chew through here, but Stone hews it, playfully throwing in spin-offs, on-fades and other one-trickery. The director and his screenwriters Alan Loeb and Stephen Schiff throw out thousands of financial jargon (floating, sub-prime, bulging), but the movie moves so smoothly you never need to ponder the details.

Despite reportedly going *AWOL* for long stretches of the film, Michael Douglas is a true glibly pleasure as Gekko. This oily megalomaniac is most alive when he's on screen, double-billing our experience with a new moral ambiguity while eating up the film's hottest targets. This great new motto? "A fisherman always sees no other fishman from afar."

But if the gaudy moral road of the roughness makes the '80s look like Doreland, Stone's first ever sequel is having too much fun to take a bite out of today's world. Has Stone gone soft? His Bush-bashing begins. If also packed more affection than anger, and once again, *Wall Street* fills us love with the cheap surface of capitalism that it's supposed to critique—cinematographer Rodrigo Prieto after the same and sleepers with less-than-entirely-shown that drill the capitalistic.

After we spin a picture of Kirk Douglas on the wall while Gekko is getting a nice fixed, up pops Charles Sheen before Stone hands himself a cameo. Three of them, in fact. Clearly, he's having fun here. And so are we. No surprise: good is all good. **Jonathan Crocker**

Anticipation. Stone's first sequel and one of cinema's great villains.

4

Enjoyment. A little toothless, but hugely entertaining.

3

In Retrospect. Stone wraps fury for fun. But it sure beats another Fidel Castro interview.

3

The Switch

Directed by **Josh Gordon,**

Will Spack

Starring **Jennifer Aniston,**

Patrick Wilson, Jason Bateman

Released **September 2**



Iatched *Karen's* pregnancy? No, it's not a lie from super-spy *Smart People*—it's Jason Bateman in *The Switch*. Realizing that, as a pensive case of mistaken sperm identity, he drastically changed his own emotions to raise-the-sterling hero, had Jennifer Aniston, he's now the only one who knows that her seven-year-old kids actually lie.

Knocked Up meets *The Ring*, there! Considering *The Switch's* premise, you'd be forgiven for thinking so. Surprisingly, though, this film from the director of *Slade of Glory* is rather more *Kramer vs. Kramer*. Somewhat poignantly, *The Switch's* story of a woman who doesn't need a man turns out to be a film that doesn't need a woman.

Which actually says more about Alan Lohb script than it does about non-comedian Jason Bateman, who here finds a love-pleasy opening

partner in Jason Bateman. It's just that their no-stance is so obviously ground to a happily ever after that we turn to Bateman's relationships with father-figure boss Jeff Goldblum and semi-pet son Thomas Robinson for something fresh to gain hold of.

The latter, a hypocardiac web-pete like batman, near steals the movie from under Bateman's nose. Avoiding child actor pitfalls, Robinson's growing bond with Bateman will divide even the most unsensitized of hearts, even as Goldblum—playing himself again, curiously—fumbles and handles and gets the biggest laughs of the lot.

Sell, *The Switch* remains nearly possible at heart, and there's nothing here that we've not seen before, including Juliette Lewis passionately screeching about for a decent part (she was similarly underused earlier this year in *Wily McPee*). So Aniston's latest is neither

rom-com, bromantic nor *dimly* *infused*, despite some occasionally irritating visual design; it often feels like an episode of the aforementioned soap, merely gilded in *Acid* cut. **Josh Winkler**

Anticipation. Could be renamed *The Sparrow*. **Sounds** **2**

Enjoyment. Napkin-sized plot, but the blades are a joy **3**

In Retrospect. Sparkling banner is lost in reality-crushing implausibility. Aniston's role is the weakest link **2**



A Town Called Panic

Directed by **Stéphane Aubier,**

Vincent Patra

Starring **Stéphane Aubier,**

Jeanne Balibar, Nicolas Baysse

Released **October 8**

In this age of CGI post-production, animation has become synonymous with the smoothed-out beauty of Pixar and the bizarrely beautiful scumming of Hayao Miyazaki. *A Town Called Panic* is a welcome note from both. Ridgely debars Stéphane Aubier and Vincent Patra have never been afraid to colour outside the lines, and with sticky-ripe and glue they have crafted a film that nods to the direction of *Pippi* and *Mousetrap* belongs defiantly to itself.

Aubier and Patra's first feature is arthouse animation, a micro-budget *The Story* born of European eccentricity. *Panic*, the stop-motion work, has a purposeful crudeness, with cut-out cardboard trees and plastic figurine heroes in *Hansel*, *Cowboy* and *Indian*.

When a birthday gift of an equine-friendly baroque goes horribly wrong for the trio, it sparks a chaotic chain of events. Besides, we follow these idiosyncratic characters from their rural French setting through a wonderland of elemental places, from the earth's core coursing with lava to a sun-capped realm stalked by a giant, robotic panther, and on to an underground labyrinth of maverick ice creatures. Suffice to say, it doesn't fit a second line our protagonists.

Take a lot of top-drawer animation. *A Town Called Panic* is like *Tellus* for cinema. Is it what it is and am, much more, a heady and utterly unapologetic roller-coaster ride into a hyper-world,

hyperactive world created from cheap children's toys. As a charge from location to location, element to element, it does so with the porous spirit of a child's fearless mind.

While the dark social allegory and understated tenderness is often provided by Patra and Stéphane Aubier is looking, there is a tangibility, a word sense of making that permeates through to the uniquely personal experience of early childhood. The sprawling narrative and archaic personalities that are attached to liberty to assume and economic figures like Spielberg has forged a career by tapping exactly these emotions, and by creating a film of subtle and proven delights, Aubier and Patra have joined him. **Tom Seymour**

Anticipation. The first stop-motion animation film to be included in Cannes' official selection **4**

Enjoyment. Wide-eyed, broad smile **4**

In Retrospect. Like all toys, will only have a certain shelf life **3**



Made in Dagenham

Directed by *Nigel Cole*

Starring *Sally Hawkins, Rosemarie Pike, Bob Hoskins*

Released *October 2*

As a reworking of a landmark episode in the Women's Lib movement of the late 1960s, *Made in Dagenham* feels uncomfortably familiar. And yet somehow it's hard to put the remarkable true story behind the film into perspective. Like some dirty little secret, the fact that women were once treated with gross inequality and blatant discrimination in the workplace has been buried deep in the public subconscious.

If the 1968 Dagenham women's strike was a momentous leap forward for modern Britain, the real success of Nigel Cole's empowering dramedy-comedy is how fully it captures women's ability to breathe new life into outmoded social events. Inquisitively so.

Emulating the vibrant bitterness that has long been a hallmark of British kitchen-sink drama, *Dagenham* isn't about looking back in anger. While the likes of *Saturday Night* and *Sunday Morning* and *Rose as the Lip* are among the most obvious influence points, Cole hasn't embraced a history lesson but a victory parade.

Leading the march is Sally Hawkins, who proves her skill as the film's dogged heroine, Rita O'Grady. For Rita and her later London neighbors, making bread means docking in at the nearby Ford motor

plant, where the men grease valves and weld doors and the women stitch suit covers on the workshop floor. It's here Rita inadvertently elects herself to lead the female workers' walkout, that erupts over an equal pay dispute. Serving the women's plight is Albert (Bob Hoskins), a twinkly-eyed union rep with a heart of gold who helps take the fight from the factory gates to the marble steps of Whitehall.

Hawkins takes Rita's metamorphosis from puppet-stringing marm of tea to chop-burning crusader in her stride, exuding the infectious, carefree charm that's made her such box property since her breakthrough in 2006's *Mamma Mia!* And yet this is an emotionally demanding role, this.

As ripples from the strike reach the top, the Ford bosses are left with no choice but to hike production, leaving hordes of male workers out of a job and otherwise clueless, including Rita's husband Eddie (Daniel Mays). *Dagenham* then takes leave from a non-stop reconstruction of warring Britain, changing tack to focus on the famous relationship of its lead couple. Cole's ordinariness may well position *Dagenham* as the 'feel-good' hand of British cinema, but scarring

domestic outposts will sit side-by-side with audiences, even if today the women's triumph is always just around the corner...

Departing from the immediate concerns of the women's revolt to tackle the unspoken post-war tensions of shell shock and economic depression is a bold move, but Cole shades his characters with delicate brushstrokes, adding substance while never losing sight of the greater cause. *Dagenham* is as gratifying a piece of people's cinema as *The Fall Movie*, with bigger balls and heart-to-spine. **Adam Woodward**

Anticipation. 'The next *Fall Movie*' tag is a heavy burden to bear

3

Enjoyment. First-rate British dramedy with an uplifting spirit

4

In Retrospect. Will stick in heads and minds long after the smiles have faded

4

2^o BRAZILIAN FILM FESTIVAL LONDON
SEPTEMBER 3-5

BNDES The Brazilian development bank

Brazilian Film Festival of London

APOLLO CINEMA

www.infilmato.com

INFO: 07522 300824 NO LIMITS FOR BRAZILIAN CINEMA

SPONSORED BY
BNDES The Brazilian development bank

GOVERNMENT SUPPORT
Ministério da Cultura Conselho de Audiovisual

ASSOCIATED BY
Associação de Cinema do Brasil (ACB) e o Festival de Cinema de Brasília

SPONSORED BY
cinema castelli PICAL
MOVIE ead ITM

OFFICIAL HOTEL **OFFICIAL**
W diffinfo

RAINDANCE FILM FESTIVAL 29.09.10-10.10.10

the best in independent filmmaking from the UK and around the world please visit www.raindance.org

Cherrie Currie

Neon Angel

Interview by Matt Ruchenski

Filmography
Cherrie Currie

Rich Girl (1984)

The Rosebud Beach Hotel (1984)

Wavelength (1985)

Paranoid (1985)

Faces (1988)

If London and New York were the twin poles of the punk movement, where does that leave L.A.? In the early '70s, it was good to be glam on the West Coast — Bowie was the idol, and businessmen in make-up craved the dicks looking for the next big thing. But that wasn't the whole story. Southern California still adhered to the yet remote of the Beach Boys, and earlier shades inspired the busy days of summer.

Cherrie Currie was 15-year-old in 1975, just another California girl from a dysfunctional family living with her alcoholic father and twin sister. This was the year her life changed dramatically — not just when she became part of the L.A. rock scene as the lead singer of The Runaways, but before that, one night, when Cherrie was raped by her father's boyfriend.

"It completely turned me around from a southern California girl just filled with love that day was when my life and took my virginity," she remembers. It was that rape that propelled Currie into the arms of Kim Fowley, an entrepreneur and promoter who big pay dirt when he passed her with guitarist Joan Jett in an all-girl rock band that mirrored the quite-faded stages of L.A.'s all-male punk scene.

The Runaways learned Brito, bright and fast. In four years they toured the US, Mexico and visited high Europe and Japan. They cut five original albums before the usual rock narrative caught up with them — the one and done part of the rock 'n' roll roadhouse. Currie's drag album was the catalyst for the band's painful breakup.

But The Runaways left their mark. "The Runaways were a bank of teenage girls up there just trying to get a point across, and trying to do it in a very short amount of time," she says. "We had everything against us — everything. All we wanted to do was survive, it wasn't about anything else. The Runaways, we were heading down a dead end, and it was a real door. So I feel that you know what,

with everything that was going down with the drag and us, I think that we did pretty damn well."

Currie documented everything that was going down in an autobiography, *Neon Angel*, first published in 1989. Almost two decades later, the book was being shopped around when it caught the attention of producer Art Linson, whose credits include *Pitch Club*, *Looking for Debra* and *Two the DFC Ladies*. Florida Sigmondi, who had shot music videos for Bowie, was brought on board to direct, and the film began to take shape.

"I didn't believe it, I couldn't believe it," was Currie's reaction to the news that her book — her adolescence — was going to become a movie. But she had the usual reservations as well. "There was so much that happened in *The Runaways*, so much in our story, and I didn't know how they would do that," she admits. "*The Runaways* story — the real story — would have to be a five-hour film, you know!" In the end, her epiphany — including the fact of her rape — were omitted entirely. "I would feel bad if cheated if we didn't have the book, let's just put that," is Currie's diplomatic take on the edited product.

What the docs appreciate is the way Sigmondi has captured the energy of that era — when the punk movement was in its infancy, and music felt like a real revolution. But according to Currie, *The Runaways* never truly felt like they belonged. "It wasn't about belonging to any movement because *The Runaways*, we started our own movement," she says. "We didn't even know what punk was. Then when we went to Europe and saw the real punk movement, it scared us to death." How so? "You would have nightmares. She would wake up screaming that she was being shot on stage. They drove home as if they drove home. They were going on as if they were going back other apart, the audience. They tried to turn our car over — we ended up running over one of the fans trying to get away. It was a violent movement back in 1976. It was really interesting for all of us. It was scary."

But *The Runaways* fought back — one scene in the film shows Fowley, played by Michael Shannon, teaching the girls how to avoid getting struck on stage, while Joan — played by Kristen Sewart — takes a look at a real guitarist's equipment. Although the film paints a picture of a band enjoying success, however, Currie is quick to stress that it didn't feel like that at the time. "There was no success for *The Runaways*. In the moment, there appears to be but there really wasn't."

Instead, the grueling schedule of tours, recording and promotion took its toll — all the head started taking drugs. From that point on, the story was only going to end one way: Couldn't the girls see it coming? "In the '80s it was very different than it is today. If you didn't do drugs there was something wrong with you — everybody did drugs. It was normal. So no, I didn't see it coming," she admits. "It was not only accepted but pushed on us by the people that worked with us. The booking agent, the producers, they were the ones who would push us into it and say, 'Hey, do you want a pill?' They were the ones who were supplying us with the drugs, so how would we feel that what we were doing was wrong when the adults were the ones giving it to us?"

Though *The Runaways* story is marked by heartache, Currie isn't quite being herself in blame Kim Fowley. "Kim Fowley knew how to get people's attention," she says, although Currie takes sole credit for discovering the black and white cover that did so much to fix her public image in the trends of rock fans (it's a credit that occupies her to a strange degree). But it's her relationship with Joan that defines her still. "We always have a big admiration of Joan — that Joan stuck with me and the truth is the embodiment of rock 'n' roll."

Check out the full interview online in the work of release.



The Runaways

Directed by *Floria Sigismondi*

Starring *Kristen Stewart, Dakota Fanning, Michael Shannon*

Released *September 10*

Alfred Hitchcock once said that you can do anything to an audience except terrify them on them. So he might just have approved of *Floria Sigismondi*'s rock biopic. For here, in the opening shot, a drop of measured blood hits a California sidewalk, signaling the jet-propelled onset of adolescence in a film that attempts to locate the spirit of teenage rebellion.

This is the birth of a new era, the mid-'70s, when West Coast glam gave way to the anarchic energy of punk. Right in the middle of it is Joan Jet (Kristen Stewart), club rat and guitar vamp, protégé of hipster leader Ken Fowley (Michael Shannon). Fowley has a vision of an all-girl rock group set to seduce and destroy the L.A. underground. Jet is his lead guitarist, but the catch for the band's debut will be a bewitchingly young blonde singer, Cherie Currie (Dakota Fanning).

The story of *The Runaways* follows a standard rock narrative — hardworking band scores success, enjoys the fruits and then implodes. But Sigismondi is less interested in the clichés of the genre than the relationship between Jet and Currie, who shared a volatile chemistry that edged into a kind of subconscious lustiness.

The Runaways exists in the space that captures the desperation of the band's drive to fight, to succeed, to escape. This is an era in which Jet is told by a teacher that girls don't play electric guitar, but *The Runaways* ups and scrapes its way through Currie's infectious career and provocative onstage persona. It's a subtle, secondary purpose with a singer.

Just as the band itself had something to prove, both Stewart and Fanning are working to cast off the shadow of public perception — as *Red Hot* virgin and child prodigy respectively. It's Fanning who impresses in the better role as a convincingly kicked-up wild child, clearly tapping the intense angst that makes Currie such a fascinating character. As Jet, Stewart is more rally than that rock goddess. It's a domestic one-dimensional performance that strikes exactly the same notes as *Red Hot's* Bella. It might be time to wonder whether Stewart has another kind of role in her at all.

A bigger issue than the performance is Sigismondi's treatment of the duo's relationship. Much has been made of the sexual dynamic between Stewart and Fanning, but it seems ironic — or perhaps hypocritical — that a film examining the exploitation of a female band should concern itself so minutely with shots of two young actresses in bedrooms and

bedrooms, sharing a publicity-generating lesbian kiss and an artfully discreet sex scene. The question is whether *The Runaways* metaphorizes Ken Fowley's cynicism or echoes it.

And yet the film remains both a vivid portrait of an era and a testament to an untold rock legend. Cherie Currie took her fair share of teenage looks, but she dugged herself back up off the curve. **Matt Richetta**

Anticipation. There have been plenty of tabloid headlines generated in advance of the movie.

Enjoyment. Enthralling and aggressive but also questionable and ambivalent.

In Retrospect. Not the breakout that its stars must have hoped for, but Fanning impresses once again.

Over Your Cities Grass Will Grow

Directed by **Sophie Fiennes**
Starring **Anselm Kiefer**,
Klaus Bormann
Released **October 13**



If *Anselm Kiefer* hadn't been born, Werner Herzog would have invented him. Perhaps it's unsurprising, then, that Werner-ophile Sophie Fiennes—who previously made *The Artist's Gate to Cosmos* with mad genius Steven Seitz—has discovered him.

Fiennes' captivating documentary introduces the work of the 45-year-old artist, who left Germany in the early '80s to begin creating an extraordinary artistic landscape in a woodland in southern France.

Labyrinthine antique studios for artists underground. Huge studio spaces have become volcanic art factories. Rock-hewn houses are filled with stone bowls, ink paintings and bronze sculptures. Giant stone cubes are placed one on top of the other until they tower precariously into the clouds like colossal pillars.

Disturbing any notion for the dramatic status of *Größe Legen, Feinden* means peering through Kiefer's creations (are they naturally occurring? Left bare by aliens? Before passing to make the artist at work).

We watch Kiefer mould twisted metal, iron, concrete and shattered glass. His process is industrial and carries to reach presidential power in the final work. Although with Kiefer, no piece is ever finished. The film is almost entirely wordless until a central segment when Kiefer sits down with a German interviewer and discusses—everything.

What troubles him in his work? "Beauty is

the puppet carried in front of me," he answers thoughtfully. He talks about loneliness. "It is only when one is bored that one's consciousness awakes, reluctantly or even fearfully, on oneself and the nature of one's own existence." He talks about the sea, about his suspicions that our culture carry "a memory of our origins" and how life yearns to return "to being a happy single in the desert." As Kiefer speaks eloquently and convincingly with these big ideas, his children play in the background.

Curious and distraction and creation Kiefer is constantly recycling, smashing, burning, smearing, working his art in an endless organic evolution of his world. Watching him at work makes you think that if there is a god, he must be a little mad. **Jonathan Cricker**

Anticipation. A documentary about an artist we've never heard of.

1

Enjoyment. Slow to start, increasingly captivating.

4

In Retrospect. A vision of art consuming its maker.

4

Certified Copy

Directed by **Abbas Kiarostami**
Starring **Jalilideh Rinnegar**,
William Shimell, **Adrian Moore**
Released **September 3**



Is there ever such a thing as true art? What or what defines authenticity? Can a copy be considered as valuable as the original to which it owes its being?

These questions form the crux of Abbas Kiarostami's film, each posed abstractly through the theoretical discourse of our two protagonists: an Englishman (William Shimell) and a French woman (Jalilideh Rinnegar). They are a couple bonded by a common passion, but estranged by the cracks of ideological variations. There is a universal story.

Like a revered author, and like, in unique style, most, on a cloudless day in rural Tuscany. A short detour takes them to the heart of the region and the birthplace of the Italian Renaissance, where they walk in high culture and black coffee and relapse the secrecy of their relationship.

It is here Kiarostami seeks to translate conventional attitudes towards artistic replication, looking beyond language and the time-honored

norms of European culture. Stripped down to its essence, *Certified Copy* is just another love story in a remote Tuscan village—cobblestone streets, no umbrellas but for sporadic chocolate box parasols, the tranquility of the place happily spoilt by the scolding ban of wedding bells and barbers. But what better place to witness the mechanisms of postmodernism than the adopted home of Botticelli, Michelangelo and da Vinci?

For all its poetry and dramatic beauty, however, *Certified Copy* offers little gratification. As the genesis of the couple's tenderness becomes mired in misdirection and illusion, it becomes difficult to invest in them as any meaningful emotional level.

Rinnegar may have been best. Across regions in Cannes earlier in the year, but at such her performance, while certainly accomplished, is nothing special. Shimell (an open baroque hybrid) makes the transition to the big screen comfortably,

but his more humorous overcompensate for his character's lack of irony.

There might be enough here to last the condensation crowd, but Kiarostami frustratingly leaves the line slack for too long. **Adam Woodward**

Anticipation. Kiarostami's first film outside of Iran was a serious contender for the Palme d'Or.

4

Enjoyment. Beautiful, elegant, sharp—but not as much as it thinks it is.

3

In Retrospect. A masterpiece missed.

3

Going the Distance

Directed by **Manette Burnstein**
 Starring **Drew Barrymore, Justin Long, Christina Applegate**
 Released **September 10**



Where now for the romantic-comedy? After months of the pitiless (Killer), patronizing (*Get and the City 2*) and painful (*Letters to Juliet*), it seems only the French can balance comedy with passion, as displayed in Pascal Chaumont's sublimely cheeky *Heartbreaker*. But Hollywood hasn't given up: Giving the *Dancer* beats a new track, serving the Cinderella variation of its predecessors by introducing a welcome shot of grit.

Drew Barrymore plays Liza, an ambitious intern at a New York newspaper. So far, so Kate Winslet. But Liza is about to face the city as much of full-time work as most, just weeks before this move to California, however, she falls for second-prize Gianni (Justin Long). Both know that with 3000 miles between them—and no cash—the relationship won't be easy, but breaking-up seems premature. As Liza works the West Coast visiting table, and Gianni struggles with love across the time zones, the milks of a rural economy seem intent on flattening their dreams.

Going the Distance sees romance as underdog-and-underdog rather than Mr. Big shelling out for a million-worth-of Liza and Gianni's story plays out in gritty ban and sweet play-very look, every line, every breath of gritty but feels authentic. Maybe it's because Long and Barrymore actually dated, maybe because the actors' own colorful

history informs her every performance. Mostly, though, it's in the dialogue, a script that avoids on irony, every and frank discussions of life's curricula that only out-roms theory-soundings could have.

Chickie drif: as Gianni's man as predictably deep, a great chorus for the man in Burbank seemed these things giving too thoughtful while the film's refreshing earliness occasionally crosses the line into plain. *American Pie*-style gross-out that a readily judged flake, played out, like much of the film, in the visceral terms of *The Flower*. *Rebelion*, shows that hard-fought romance is all the more rewarding. The path to true love is lined with gravel. **James King**

Anticipation. Another rom-com? **2**
 Blame Carrie Bradshaw

Engagement. Gives the love story a much-needed punch in the gut. **4**

In Retrospect. Doesn't go the whole distance. But it's a start. **3**

Frozen

Directed by **Adam Green**
 Starring **Emma Bell, Shaun Ashmore, Kevin Zegers**
 Released **September 29**



Through a series of calamities, three people are left stranded on a desolate island where they have to work. Suspended high above the ground, their increasingly frantic efforts (or help) are met with the deafening silence of an empty and endless landscape. Peace and friendship set in together, while beneath their feet a pack of wolves seems all too real.

This is the elegant premise of Adam Green's *Frozen*, one that will descend over the course of 90 minutes into an extraordinary testament to human disposition. The question is simple: what would you do to survive? The answers, as offered by Joe (Shaun Ashmore), his best friend Dan (Kevin Zegers), and Dan's girlfriend Parker (Emma Bell), really aren't pretty.

Once they are done with denial and disbelief, the two turn their attention to the reality of their situation: Should they jump or sit tight? Will they be rescued first or die from exposure? As they grapple

with these questions, the film assumes an air of almost unbearable tension. When so many horror films freeze away any empathy for their protagonists by having them make rapid decisions, *Frozen* presents a sensible counterclaim: show only solution appears to be in an act of madness.

Gradually, Green manages to give his characters just enough of an interior life to make us care about their fate, even though they are barely sketched and cut towards the endgame.

For the first of four, some of the on-screen will be practically unwatchable. They are amplified by a sound design that mercilessly accentuates every element of physical suffering, and a relatively light touch when it comes to the few scenes that rely on gay special effects. Indeed, *Frozen* does well to remain a sort of machine horror. But make no mistake: this is an authentic horror in which the fragile tissue of the human body is set against the implacable

horror of nature. **Max Roichs**

Anticipation. From *Jaws* to *The Blair Witch*, horror films have to find out enjoyment of the great outdoors. Now they've got their sights set on the innocent thing holiday. **March but cool** **3**

Engagement. Friendly, sweet and tense as hell. One to watch through the fingers. **3**

In Retrospect. Well make you seriously consider hibernating rather than hating the slopes this year. **4**



The Last Exorcism

Directed by Daniel Stokem

Starring Patrick Fabian, Ashley Bell, Lucas Marshall

Released September 3

Daniel Stokem's *The Last Exorcism* is more reminiscent of the faux-documentary style of *Blue Vase* than the pure 'found footage' approach of *Paranormal Activity*, but ultimately comes across as a bizarre coupling of *The Exorcist* and *Rosemary's Baby*. Patrick Fabian stars as shady Southern minister Cotton Marcus, who agrees to let a camera crew record his final exorcism to expose how phony the art of demonic exorcism really is. Unfortunately, this time he finds himself doing it the real. *The Last Exorcism* is a fun and well-paced movie that utilizes a superb central performance by Fabian to create a truly comic air that runs throughout the proceedings. The final product works best as a pitch-black comedy—right down to the schlocky documentary—much more than it does as a full-blooded frightener in the tradition of the *exorcist* sub-genre of religious horror. **Bruce Ackland 3.33**



Collapse

Directed by Chris Smith

Starring Michael Rappert

Released October 1

Collapse is little more than a story, a clear still a pocket of smiles, and yet it is an endearing species—a documentary documentary that has some unique strands. The man is an unemployed actor Michael Rappert who believes, vehemently, in the inevitable destruction of industrialized civilization as we know it, and here he has been given the run to tell us why. Rappert has a pronounced and commanding rhetorical style, and his worldview is unapologetically pessimistic. Oil has peaked and is running out, he insists, and capitalism has sold us the glass of infinite growth. Under the law of economic gravity, we're heading towards a crash. Director Chris Smith treats Rappert both as exhibitor and patient, and he comes across as an angry yet compassionate man, sincere in his convictions but low on his emotions. He may feel alone, but one at least he has an audience. **Ton Seymour 2.43**



The Arbor

Directed by Jim Barmes

Starring Christine Blountley, Neil Dodgson, Natalie Green

Released October 22

Chris Barmes's depiction of the life and legacy of playwright Andrea Dunbar is a fascinating look at working-class Britain and the effects of growing up on a gritty Bradford estate. But more than that, it's a stunning meditation on the subjectivity of memory. Dunbar's children—now in their twenties—recall their past as teenagers as actors lip-synch their lines, with her two daughters taking active steps with annually syncretistic yet drastically different accounts of their upbringing. The fact that they never appear on screen allows them to talk candidly, while Barmes is given the artistic freedom for some stunning visual interpretations. Fact and fiction merge once more with an awareness of Dunbar's play *The Arbor* on the estate that inspired it, alongside archive footage of the artist. This is a deeply resonant piece of filmmaking that leaves you sure of one thing—there's always more than one truth. **Laura Rachel 3.45**



Involuntary

Directed by Robin Ockald

Starring William Blythehouse, Eileen Carr-Lewis, Liff Edmond

Released October 8

The back of a couple of hands, the wrist of a man, the feet of people entering a party—just some of the enthralling shots in Swedish writer/director Robin Ockald's monitory piece about peer pressure, played out among different age groups at a 'bitch' go-together, a grandmother's birthday party and among teachers at school respectively. The different scenarios are threaded through one another, each one becoming more enthralling as it develops. The emphatic absence of laughter is all too true, though the film's humor is reminiscent of the black absurdity of Roy Andersson's *Les, the Love, whose* featured various Ockald's own film studies. Some of the scenes of another *Swedish, Les the Right One* is director Tomas Alfredson, cringe is too, but these minor cautionary tales of embarrassment and nervousness are, for the most part, predictable and unconvincing, despite the macroscopic applied to them. **Jonas Mith 4.32**



Restrepo

Directed by **Tim McErromington, Sebastian Junger**
Released **October 8**

Restrepo was a 15-man outpost in the Korengal Valley, a Taliban haven deep in Afghanistan. Built in the middle of the night under 360-degree fire from the enemy, prison camp, it was the tip of the spear in the War on Terror. This is a sparse and aggressive documentary. There's no music, no interviews with anyone but the soldiers, no Afghan perspective—just 150 hours of footage cut down to a mosaic of enduring moments, the boredom, the fear and frustration, the craving for revenge. While the hard question is never asked, it is nevertheless evident: why are these soldiers here? This is modern soldier-brotherhood, the hair to Wilfred Owen and Basil Litch. But while *Restrepo* is lucid about the practitioners of war, it is not 'about' the war. Occasionally, fleetingly, we see the people of the Korengal—women holding children, old men herding goats. Herein lies the purpose. This is the war, and it is only glimpsed. **Tom Sweeney 4.5.5**



Budrus

Directed by **Julia Bucha**
Starring **Ayod Morner**
Released **September 21**

Julia Bucha's *Budrus* documents one villager's unrelenting resistance to the Israeli separation barrier in the West Bank of Palestine. "The Fence", as they call it, will cut through the town's cemetery, divide its olive groves and take land from its centre—all in the name of protecting the Jewish people. Bucha deftly captures Ayod Morner and his teenage daughter as they voice their community with the help of foreign supporters (including sympathetic Israelis) in a struggle for their land. By incorporating interviews with an Israeli Border Police captain and a spokesman from the military police, *Budrus* presents a relatively balanced view of the dispute, particularly for those unfamiliar with the regional politics. And yet from the very beginning, it's difficult to fathom how one country can seize a region and declare part of it their own without expecting some kind of resistance. The people of Budrus can only be admired. **Liz Hughes 3.3.3**



The Kid

Directed by **Nick Moran**
Starring **Katharine McPhee, Rupert Friend, Jean Graffard**
Released **September 17**

A career-turned-creator Nick Moran follows his workday Joe Mack through *Glee* with this bloodless adaptation of crime writer *Karen Lewis'* bestselling autobiography. Locked in a bare, grimy room and routinely bounced off the walls by his rough-toothed mother, Karen starts life as a nervous, withdrawn kid who escapes himself from PE everyday to hide the angry people who murder his body. Despite finding watches of happiness in foster care, he suffers further at the hands of a series of teachers and gang thugs until finally finding the courage to turn his life around. The source book was championed by The Morning's Fern Britton, and Moran seems to be aiming for the same audience. *Lewis'* story is unquestionably horrific but by forcing it into the mould of a triumph-over-adversity teen-woman's tale of raw, rocky edges have been smoothed off to leave a tidily sweet end of gloom. **Jason Gaddley 2.2.1**



No Impact Man

Directed by **Lauro Gambert, Justin Schiele**
Starring **Colin Brown, Michelle Goadie**
Released **September 3**

Colin Brown, the 'No Impact Man', is neither paranoiac environmentalist. Or maybe he's just a misanthrope. He tells us a caffeine-fueled journey and their daughter's worst teacher. Colin doesn't like consumerism and he's decided to make 'No Impact' (no electricity, no waste, only local, seasonal food) for a solid year. It doesn't sound like fun, and it isn't fun to watch. He objects to toilet paper, and when his wife gives after a new bag, he looks rather unattractive on the board of BP and clubs with his spare time. Colin is also into self-promotion, or raising awareness, depending on your opinion page. "I'm just following the dictates of my conscience," he says in justification. For pity, but the great unworked with the public conscience tend to enjoy things like Starbucks, hot showers and good music. Until he acknowledges this contradiction, the No Impact Man will have exactly that. **Tom Sweeney 2.1.1**

chapter five
to which we
explore
the
mastering
mindset
of
2020



THE



Back Section

31



WOLF: JAMES GUNTER; CAT: JIMMY KIMBLE

GABRIELE MUCCINO



ONE LAST KISS

Seven Pounds

THE ITALIAN DIRECTOR REVEALS WHY HIS COUNTRY'S CINEMA IS 'PERFECT'.

WORDS BY NATE DOCHENSKI

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM CHRISTIAN

“

I see myself around 82-year-old 007 (Daniel Craig) shown down below the building where I used to live with my parents. I remember watching 2001: A Space Odyssey, and this accidental, cryptic journey therein captured me and brought me into this fascinating world of cinema.”

Giuseppe Muccino has a way with words. And images, too. But today, at the centre of a whirlwind of cameras and people in a West London hotel room, the director is talking, talking, talking in richly idiomatic English – visualising only in his head the pictures and memories that have brought him to this place.

English-language audiences know Muccino best for two Hollywood collaborations with Will Smith: *The Pursuit of Happiness* and *Seven Pounds*. But although he describes the process of working in America as

a “very difficult journey [that] has been extremely slow”, he is, like American pop comedian a disciple of Jerry.

“I can say without a bit of self-aggrandisement to me, remains the greatest privilege of what cinema should be,” he says, “being a thing in something in the golden age of Italian cinema, the cinema that ended in the ‘70s and started in the late ‘40s, that is unique and not easy to display or to explain. You can clearly feel that Italian cinema was born literally from the ashes of fascism, from bombing, from the war. It felt like the Italian nation had to be really destroyed and out in order to find the inspiration to reveal something about themselves. This struggling element I think is what makes the characters so poignant, so poetic, somehow iconic and so real. And also unique. I can’t recall other international cinematographies that have been able to portray the weak spots of humanity like the Italian cinema.”



After failing in 1965 with cameramen (1) a boy, Muccino quickly moved (2) from Kubrick to the Italian masters of that golden age — Vittorio De Sica, Ettore Scola, Bernardo Bertolucci. As a director I feel incredibly linked to the great masters of Italian cinema, (3) he says. "Every time I have found myself with a lack of inspiration I re-watch certain movies, and through the experience of revisiting and rereleasing those movies, I find an extra inspiration and an extra blessing." The only exception is with the greatest master of them all, Fellini: "Fellini is too big," says Muccino, wide-eyed. "Fellini is such a giant that you can't really learn his way, it's too unique."

Fellini's subtle, Italian cinema prides itself on passing down the lessons of the craftsmanship from one generation to the next. The result is a loose system, or perhaps simply a collective belief in the principles of passion, imagination, grit, aesthetics, tradition and heritage.

Muccino developed his craft the traditional way, directing short films that gave him the freedom "to make mistakes, and from my mistakes you make me learn something. That has been my belief for everything else I do, where I really collected a lot of experience as a director."

That led to a first feature, *È una Parla*, a low-key comedy in 1989. But it was 1991's *The Last Kiss* with Stefano Accardi and Vincere star Giovanna Mezzogiorno that really saw Muccino emerge with a distinctive directorial voice. It was the culmination of a long and difficult journey: "It's very hard for somebody who wants to be a director," he admits. "You have to knock on a certain door and find somebody to welcome you. That's very hard when there are many other competitors. I really had to find my own way, which



probably has been an asset, an extra strength, because I had to find my voice through my own work."

Conscious of the obstacles he's faced in his own career, Muccino is now working alongside Perot Nastro Azzurro to create an "Academy" that will offer his old friends the chance to mentor a new generation of young filmmakers and technicians. Under the banner of the *Perot Nastro Azzurro Accademia del Film con Gabriele Muccino*, the director has shot a short film, *Senza Tempo* (pictured opposite), in Rome, where he was shadowed on set by a hand-picked selection of young crew members from a fellow director as a producer, composer, DP, stylist and make-up artist.

"My collaboration with the Accademia Perot Nastro Azzurro is creating the opportunities that I wished I'd had when I was dreaming of being a filmmaker," he reveals. "It reminds me how frustrated I was when I couldn't get such chances. And I see myself in those great guys that we selected, when I was really dreaming and struggling."

But he's not about to go easy on these youngsters, either. "You need to be frightened by your material, you need to be challenged, you need to be ready," says Muccino. "You have to know that if you don't get really challenged, you may be lazy and then you may end up doing something lacking energy."

As Muccino and Perot Nastro Azzurro come together to celebrate their shared values of passion, craftsmanship and attention to detail, it's hard to see that being a problem.



**"YOU NEED TO BE
FRIGHTENED BY
YOUR MATERIAL,
YOU NEED TO
BE CHALLENGED,
YOU NEED
TO BE READY."**

BONG



THE KOREAN
DIRECTOR OF
KILLER-THRILLER
MOTHER TALKS
TO EWAN.

JOON & HO

INTERVIEW BY

JONATHAN CROCKER



LWLIes

After the success of *The Hunt*, did you get more offers from Hollywood?

BONG

I assume it's a lot of scripts from the US, but there were projects that I had to read before. The first I don't think half-worked in Hollywood for themselves, but if I can have that out and 100 per cent positive output, I hope to make a movie in Hollywood.

LWLIes

So how you turned down any big blockbusters?

BONG

They told me the script my agent gave me was a movie starring Will Smith. When I saw the movie, I thought, "Oh". I'd read the script and the result was not really my kind of movie.

LWLIes

Mother is definitely your kind of movie. For you what was it about?

BONG

The main theme is the mother and the son. Of course, it's a great love. But I wanted to explore this in a different way. The main theme, but when you know the film it was also for a dark mother. So I wanted to explore that love and mother to son was this film. We don't know if it's good or evil – if it's love or just obsessive attachment. I didn't know either before we shooting.

LWLIes

Do you see it as a magazine piece to *Mother of Mine* at all?

BONG

When I was writing the script and shooting it I realized that it was very similar to *Mother of Mine* – the story, the characters, the background and especially the representation of the police. It was fairly for me to compare that they're still sick and dumb. But compared to *Mother of Mine*, the policemen here have more advanced technology and the use of violence is also quite different. Before, they were hitting people in the face. Now they're hitting the apples.

LWLIes

How did you come to cast Kim Myeong as the mother?

BONG

She played her in the West, but I knew she was a good actress. She's like a national actor and I thought it was great for me to use her for this. On TV, she was always playing the evil mother. But strongly, I saw in her a dark and hysterical side – almost like a madman – so I wanted to put her in an extreme situation and make her evolve. There was a new image of her that I wanted to express. She only did two scenes which was better for me because she was new.

LWLIes

Are there any movie references that you took inspiration from?

BONG

My inspiration was a Japanese anime movie that shows her self-control, a very strong, very troubling mother character.

LWLIes

Is this character based on your own mother?

BONG

There are some great elements in the character that are like her. But is very confused and sensitive and also has a little bit of a hysterical side to her. And despite the fact that she 40-year-old, she always worries about me. She wasn't in Cannes for the world premiere, but I was a little bit nervous about my mother seeing the film.

LWLIes

Could she tell someone?

BONG

Yes, I think that if she was put in the shoes of the main character, I think my mother would also do the same thing. Whatever the country, I ask this question: Would you also do that for your son? It's a very provocative question.

LWLIes

So which movie has the toughest mood?

BONG

Prisoners, and they didn't know Korean mothers were so tough. But they told me Polish mothers are worse. But Jewish people say, the Jewish mothers are worse! Then in Italy, they say Italian mothers are worse.

THE PIANIST

DIRECTED BY ROMAN POLANSKI (1985)

A cold and combining study of life in the Warsaw ghettos, *The Pianist* sees Adrien Brody leaving the burden of the survivor — an enigma who through luck and the charity of others is destined to live while all around him perishes. Roman Polanski's Holocaust epic remains moving, and emerges stronger for it. **B**

THE GRADUATE

DIRECTED BY MIKE NICHOLS (1967)

On paper, a film following a brashish risk-taker working out into the world of adults might seem an unlikely candidate to become iconic genre-defining cinema. In reality, *The Graduate* is as fresh-faced as the day it was released — it's unlikely Quelin (McClure) a growing pains will ever give-oh! **B**

MULHOLLAND DRIVE

DIRECTED BY DAVID LYNN (2001)

It's almost a decade since David Lynch took audiences on a nightmarish wander through the dark uncertainty of the Hollywood machine, yet *Mulholland Drive* still delivers a potent kick of swirling surrealism and raw dramatic wonder. If ever a film both directed and demanded repeat viewings, this is it. **A**

DELICATESSEN

DIRECTED BY JEAN-PIERRE JEUNET (1991)

Using sci-fi dystopia with childlike fabulism and dark comedy, *Delicatessen* leads us into the second town of the suburbs and (brightside), each part of a futuristic, post-apocalyptic landscape where insects are used as currency. It's an exquisite delirium from a talented director and peerless visual inventor. **B**

LE CERCLE ROUGE

DIRECTED BY JEAN-PIERRE MEILLON (1970)

Broming with existential angst and hand-held paranoia, Jean-Pierre Meillon's local job finds its way onto Blu-ray for the first time from the subject. Meillon's message is clear: crime doesn't pay. But Alex Delon's performance here as a well-baked crook trying to stay one step ahead of his contemporaries makes *Le Cercle Rouge* a neo-noir classic well worth revisiting. **B**

BREATHLESS: 50TH ANNIVERSARY

DIRECTED BY JEAN LUC GODARD (1960)

Perhaps the most important post-war film of its generation, Godard's *Breathless* hasn't lost a trick of its French swagger or Nouvelle Vague cool. Godard may have left his camera in the '60s, but Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg remain the cinema's poster couple for good reason. Young love, petty crime and (brief) cine glamour have never felt so fresh. **A**

AVAILABLE SEPTEMBER 27

SHOOTING ROBERT KING

DIRECTED BY RICHARD PERRY (2006)

While most people would do anything to avoid a war zone, photographer Robert King has spent the last 12 years seeking them out. Richard Perry's extraordinary documentary follows him through Bosnia, Chechnya and Iraq as he risks life and limb to bring the invisible images of conflict to breakfast tables around the world. **B**

DEAD LONG ENOUGH

DIRECTED BY TOM COLLINS (2005)

Irish director Tom Collins' first feature belongs in a new breed of intriguingly lawless horror in DVD. The polar personality James (Barnes) confronts gun violence on a stag trip to Georgia. A strong cast admirably tackles a disjunct script featuring inexplicable chapter breaks. *Dead Long Enough* is predictable, also 'inevitable'. **B**

DEMONS

DIRECTED BY LAMBERTO BAVA (1965)

A gloriously daff horror from the 'Guns, Argents, Prensos' stable in which garden as an apparently cursed arena and the demons trapped as events in the film. The night watching begins to unfold in the Lombardi. Bava's enjoyable pseudo-movie film delivers all the standard gore content expected from Italian horrors of the era. **B**

AVAILABLE OCTOBER 4

DEFAMATION

DIRECTED BY YIP HING (2000)

This anti-bullying documentary from Israeli Member of Knesset Yip Hing examines the experience of so-called soft-Soviet voters that held sway among some US and Israeli politicians who use 'anti-Semitism' as an all-purpose label for anyone who criticizes Israel. After its premiere, the Anti-Defamation League, with beautiful irony described the film as a championing of the Holocaust and belittling of anti-Semitism. **B**

AVAILABLE OCTOBER 14

LAST TRAIN HOME

DIRECTED BY LIU JIAN (2006)

Every year, 130 million Chinese migrant workers travel across the vast country to return to their rural hometowns for New Year. It's the largest human exodus on earth as incredibly cinematic images that, until Liu Jian's *Last Train Home*, had never been caught on camera. There are few better modern examples of film capturing a country caught between its rural past and urban future, and the human cost of a genuine industrial revolution. **B**

AVAILABLE OCTOBER 26

POSSESSION

DIRECTED BY ANDREW ZULAWSKI (1981)

Mad as the way to the UK on DVD for the first time after making out an extended sentence on the 'Video Nasties' blacklist, *Possession* is Andrew Zulawski's intense psychological horror with dogmatic political undercurrent. A justifiably controversial precursor to Lars von Trier's *Antichrist*, this is about as anti-mainstream as they come. **B**

SUCK

DIRECTED BY ROB STEPHENSON (2000)

Described as a rock 'n' roll vampire comedy, *Suck* follows multi-talented rock band The Winners as tour around North America after their basest tunes into a vampire. With Alice Cooper and Iggy Pop featuring, *Suck* is a worthy comedy but can sometimes feel like an extended backslapping session for day-trippers from the rock retirement home. **B**

1986

Bette Wright escapes the worst daughter's worst transition from puppy-fur farm girl to yellow-checked crank-baker with a little still, and Frank O'Keefe makes for a wonderfully elegant skin trader. There's even a pitifully eloquent episode of Gable Flair in that five-minute window that isolates between her appearance as movie girl Gail in John's palace and the upcoming, *unleashed* *THEY*'s exact turning up as chest shivers over slims. But there are more drops in an ocean of slims and are soon lost under waves of slims.

The film's many idiosyncrasy runs truly on the assumption that any and all interaction between a bunch of Japanese war boys or orphans, Japanese businessmen, a group of prize divers and a somewhat hapless heater with a face like 40 miles of lead will automatically trigger comedy drama. The only full-back option in this limited palette is to send Toshiro's underdog in a fish-bowling and a dyslexic back-bowling to enlighten the world's stable of generic pretexts. At the end, does the other girls see through his *genius* (cheerful)? Would you believe it's possible to suggest himself after drawing a stick figure of Gekko and taking a look at the other girls' faces? (The other girls are

Of course, epidemiology, filtration and both began their careers various years nothing new to the public. But given the shot in the arm that the book industry had received from the mid-70s to the 80s, the proudest thing of this deeply researched collection of essay vignettes makes the film appear less like the frank chronicle of human weakness it would have us believe it is, and more akin to a coming late to the nascent colonies of the LA lounge scene.

WORDS BY
ADAM LEE DAVIES

CHERRYPICK

Through the rusty gates of a town named Slaverland we embark on a fruitless trek across a despoiled Panhandle of the Drowned populated by an accursed horde of bondage Bums, grim-masked Goofys and delectable Dumbos. For here is a three-circled circus of back alley luncheonette, where the only thing that can make

Welcomes is a world where the whales huffe while the humpers where and Jeep Troopers squad of vice cops patrol the Sunset Strip with all the street smarts of a flock of geese. It's a beat that largely consists of keeping tabs on the badly transgressive, crime, drug and convulsing suburbs of East Los Angeles, and any

which is duly carried out with the diligence and professionalism normally associated with that famously inconvertible breed of brethren, the LAPD. What nobody has decided, however, is whether the crime of mugged Vice Raine is in the jurisdiction of hard-hitting cops or the no-theft-is-a-murderous-buffery.



THE
ARCHIVE N° 11
LA STRADA
(1934)

WORDS BY JASON WOOD

Controversy caught the moviegoers of interwar-century Europe (though not David Thomson, given a directing role, labelling it "stuporously perfect") and settling alongside the more celebrated *La Solita* (1933) and frequently reviled *Nights of Gabriela* (1937), *La Strada* stands as one of the pinnacles of Federico Fellini's career. A sad and poignant testament of innocence lost and of the roads that each of us must choose, it's a mournful and achingly work-saturated with wailing and regret.

Sold by her impoverished mother to Zerkandi (Anthony Quinn), a brutish big-game hunter, well-bred Gelsomina (Giulietta Masina) lives a life of doggedness as his assistant. After taking to the road with a traveling circus, a budding relationship with El Matto (Richard Basehart) — a gentle-colored, righteously walking clown — offers a potential refuge from her master's clutches. Trapped by her own sensile nature, Gelsomina weeps, and Zerkandi's volatile temper erupts with tragic consequences.

Chances to take a daylong glimpse into Fellini's own biography with metaphor and symbolism.

La Strada also resonates as everything there with a far harder-edged realism in the face of countless violence and the unapologetic presentation of Italy's economically deprived and changing towns. Though Gelsomina is historic, Masina — Fellini's wife and muse — is anchoring in the central role. Her performance, the evocative Miss Italia score and Dello Ippoliti's evocative photography combined to make the film a very effective proposition to the American Academy voters, who bestowed on *La Strada* the honor of becoming the winner of the first official Academy Award for Best Foreign Language Film.

Reeling American road movies set in the Depression era for its focus on Gelsomina's poverty as a catalyst for mobility, the film then ascends from the theme of purity, knowing more concerned with its central character's emotional and spiritual alienation and pursuit of civility.

In this regard, *Driving Violence* author David Leland argues that, in conjunction with Ingmar Bergman's *Wild Strawberries* (1957), the influence of Fellini's film on the road movie genre is seismic. Bergman and Fellini helped forge the modern landscape and landscapes that serve the way for

the French New Wave, which, in turn, influences the road movie's *New American Cinema*, he writes.

Though certainly *La Strada* little resembles the first American films of the late '50s and early '60s, its reliance on a character whose narrative journey is protracted upon introspection and reflection, and whose passage through the alienating landscape becomes an allegory for a search for meaning and a sense of purpose in life, undoubtedly loomed large over filmmakers such as Dennis Hopper, Monte Hellman and Richard Linklater.

Effectively using traveling shots looking backward from the rim of a truck in which Gelsomina travels, Fellini also incorporates a series of several montage sequences and elaborate moving camera shots to convey the barren and empty landscape through which the characters trek. These flourish and lyrical moving-camera sequences would become a potential feature of the master's work. Here they brilliantly convey to the spectator how lost, very literally, on the road. Finally, the film is notable for being one of the earliest road movies to feature a female protagonist. Surprisingly few followed in its wake.



Vittorio



De Sica

CULT

No. 11

HERO

WORDS BY PAUL HAINCLOUGH

If you stand in News-Corona (aka Pic) and follow the sandre gate to Gardens' Bronze statue, you may notice a tiny red garden perched high in the left hand corner of the square. Almost 90 years ago, that style was known to a star and crew led by Vittorio De Sica, one of Italy's French- or neo-realists director of the 1940s. There's the dramatic slow-walk who made the tough lives of the *Ricchiardi* show with something approaching dignity and in the process helped back dignity to a people weakened by defeat and economic hardship.

And just what unflinching portrait human frailty was he taking on that night? Sophia Loren turning around in her kitchen in heat of a confused argument with Marcello Mastroianni (after his background swirl he can get his and a little what The Six was the paradigm: *Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow* (1963) and De Sica's growing band of detractors—was further proof that once love is over, you had lost his way. Today it's one of De Sica's most stylistically interesting works (all satire and just pastiche of 1930s cinema fashions) and a reminder that there were no silver foxes before their metaphorical silver foxes.

De Sica was already in his thirties but he'd lost none of the energy and key charm that had helped make him a national idol—the Italian Maurice Chevalier—only 32 years earlier. Had war not intruded, he may even have been content to continue the string of

streams of unchallenging but popular romantic-comedy stories and light comedies. De Sica made his own in fascist-era Italy.

In dangerous times for an artist he was a risqué politician whose relationship with the government was complex. His movie star persona lent a useful normality to a regime that on suffocating the national cinema, but he was instinctively out of touch with their political passions, poetically turning the offer to run the fascist film agency into Venice and dodging Joseph Goebbels' courtship. As an actor he himself made a career from conjuring and belittled characters like *After the War* (1947).

As the kindly postwar policeman of *Street Games* and *Dreams* (1953), but De Sica couldn't afford manipulation behind the scenes as he famously demonstrated when rejected a gig on the seven-year all-Italy *Storia* before loudly accusing him of a job before the entire crew of *The Bicycle Thief*. It was a brave kid who would have been in good of, and the child a fearful wall of the film's standard innocence.

That film was one of a trio of his best works between 1940 and 1952 that created a new kind of cinema to the world. And whose post idea of good times is the destruction of childhood innocence in a corrupt adult world (*Blue Sky* 1948), rapidly an old man and his cute dog getting by by a man (Umberto D. 1952) it was also his most optimistic of the three. What the

later work failed to understand was that, for how recreation was just an accurate human language he could use to reflect the harsh reality of survival in post-war Italy. He'd never sought a collection of rules to follow, not a manifesto of light and beauty,

but narrative. De Sica's remaining work about portraying the myth of human goodness. To have used the same methods in the booming法西斯 escapade would have been disastrous. More, it would have meant De Sica denying his first great love, comedy.

He produced a rash of easily enjoyable sentimental affairs—including *Bonci and 70* (1952) and *Marriage After Style* (1964)—but were the direct descendants of the films he'd made De Sica famous in the 1930s and 1940s—and the Italian public looked to him there. The director's work with the Italian *Long Weekend*, Alberto Sordi was to remember was being a great period Raphael Leoni rank among some of the most charming European films of the decade. But De Sica felt within the narrow expectations of Italian cinema he himself had helped create.

His films, both as director and actor were mixed as sentimental Baff or popular work in the case of *After Italy* (1949) and *I Love a Weekend* (1950) or *Right Back again* (1950) or *The Battle of Australia* (the only one he'd had a part). But much of De Sica's career output is worth returning to, not least a war of the great Italian novel *The Garden of the Finzi-Canini* (1970).

In the end, the critics were out and De Sica rarely included along with Visconti, Rossellini and Fellini, whose late-1950s evolution in Italian cinema is talked about. De Sica later admitted that he had become

of his own money on Umberto D. But his difference in his own vision remained intact. He never allowed by critics to let his career sink in one of his last interviews before his death in 1974. "I trust my conscience and my sensibilities."

GRASS ROOTS

TURNING THE SPOTLIGHT ON THE UK'S LOW-BUDGET FILMMAKERS

INTERVIEW BY JIM LEE

After churning out a series of failed scripts, in 2008 swing-dancing computer programmer-turned-director Bryan O'Neil finally wrote *Skipped Out* the film he wanted to make – led to make. With a mathematics degree helping him navigate the network of rational funding schemes, O'Neil enrolled friends, family and even Sylvia Syms OBE to help take his quirky indie comedy off the gaps and onto the streets of London: see a block of Sets in St Albans. O'Neil is now set to complete the final edit, take his film on the road and, ideally, be done with his day job.

LWLies Who are you and why are you making a film?

O'NEIL I'm from Glasgow originally. I still work full-time as a computer programmer, but I took a sabbatical to make the film. My passion's always been film and music and one day I thought, 'Why not start writing?' I wanted to follow a career that I'd love doing, rather than just a day job. I wrote *Skipped Out* and as soon as I finished it I just knew that I had to go on and make it into a film. There wasn't any other option. I'd finally written something that I felt was actually worthwhile.

LWLies What's your pitch?

O'NEIL Basically *Skipped Out* is a quirky indie comedy. It's based around an artist called Alibi who lives in a block of flats, and it's the interactions between her and the people around her. The characters in the film are not entirely 100 per cent comfortable with themselves, but they find solace and friendship with each other. So it's taking those little intricacies of modern life and relationships and exploring them.

LWLies What kind of experience do you have?

O'NEIL Err... none. My idea was that I think I've always watched lots of film and eventually I want to be a filmmaker full-time and not have a day job. Although I don't have film experience, I've got a mathematics degree. I guess I have the organisation and learning skills that you need for all the tax-type stuff, which is not the exciting part, but can make or break someone getting there.

LWLies What will make your film stand out from the crowd?

O'NEIL I'm not sure if I'm deluded or not, but I think it's a slightly different type of the flat. I've not really seen in Britain before. I've seen examples in Europe and America,

but I can't think of a British comedy that's like it. There are similar films, but not in a British setting, with a British mentality.

LWLies Where are you in the process?

O'NEIL We've probably got 65 per cent through the edit and we've got some sample scenes on film. We'd like to get it into Sundance – it just depends if we can finish it in time for the deadline. The biggest constraint is that I have no work again, which is the most frustrating thing at the moment.

LWLies Tell us about the highs.

O'NEIL We got Sylvia Syms on board and that was sort of a real coup for us. When we heard back that she'd read the script and loved it and wanted to be involved, it just gave the whole project a bit more kudos. One of the other highs was when I'd seen the first assembly of the film. During the shoot I was happy with all the scenes, but you're never really sure of what it's like when it's all put together. It really came across that we'd made a proper film.

LWLies And the lows?

O'NEIL There were a few, obviously. I tried to start the film in September 2008, I had time off work booked and was really planning to go for it and suddenly I ran out of time. So there was that point of thinking, 'Is this actually going to happen?'

LWLies What advice would you pass on to anybody following in your footsteps?

O'NEIL If you're going to make a film, make sure it's about something that you're really passionate about, that you're willing to spend two or three years of your life on. But the main thing is if you really want to do it, then you should just go out there and start doing it tomorrow. Or today.



ABANDON NORMAL DEVICES



ABANDON NORMAL DEVICES
FESTIVAL OF NEW CINEMA
AND DIGITAL CULTURE

01 – 07 OCTOBER 2010 | MANCHESTER

AND hits Manchester 01 – 07 October 2010 – join us for a curious mix of mind-blowing art, screenings, performances, debates and discussions.
www.andfestival.org.uk

"a boldly free-wheeling festival – something of a call to arms" The Guardian

Powered by



Part of



Funded by



VISION MEDIA





LET ME IN

DIRECTED BY Matt Reeves **ETA** Winter 2010

Footage

The remake of *127 Hours* stars *Smile* **La Toya** *Do*. It's now has two trailers, and we can't deny they look good, despite our reservations that a movie this good should be remade at all. At least *Gladiator* director Matt Reeves appears to have done a decent job.

THIS MUST BE THE PLACE

DIRECTED BY Paolo Sorrentino **ETA** 2011

News

Filming has begun on the *Il Dio* director's first English-language film, which tells the story of a blond rock star (Sean Penn) who attempts to find the New Year's Eve (Harry Dean Stanton) who killed his father. If you couldn't guess from the title, David Byrne of Talking Heads provides the score.

TOTAL RECALL

DIRECTED BY Len Wiseman **ETA** 2011

Gossip

They just won't leave the themes alone, will they? *Lost* *Pen* or *The Hand* director Len Wiseman is said to be in line to take on the remake of Paul Verhoeven's 1980 sci-fi flick. *Star* screenwriter Kurt Wimmer is also on board. What are the odds on Sam Worthington playing the lead?

STONE

DIRECTED BY John Curran **ETA** November 2010

Footage

Featuring Robert De Niro and Ed Norton sounds like a scope for high-culture drama, but the trailer for this prison flick looks melodramatic, to say the least. We can only hope the finished product is a lot more low-key. At least it can't be as ludicrous as their previous pairing in *The Score*, can it?

THE MASTER

DIRECTED BY Paul Thomas Anderson **ETA** 2011

News

Despite some *Boys* scenes, PTA's follow-up to *There Will Be Blood* finally began shooting during the summer. Philip Seymour Hoffman plays a 1950s-era cult leader allegedly based on Scientology founder L. Ron Hubbard. There will be controversy.

THE AVENGERS

DIRECTED BY Jon Whedon **ETA** Summer 2012

Gossip

The comic-book movie to end all comic-book movies? Marvel wanted to tell *Avengers* line-up as this year's Comic-Con festival. Joining Robert Downey Jr.'s Iron Man and Chris Evans' Captain America are Jeremy Renner as Hawkeye and a new Hulk in the shape of Mark Ruffalo. Maybe the 12-year-old are excited, but do grown-ups really still care about this stuff anymore?

THE TEMPEST

DIRECTED BY Julie Taymor **ETA** December 2010

News

Helen Mirren is set to storm awards season with her amazing role as Prospero (renamed Prospero) in Julie Taymor's nineteenth-century-set Shakespeare adaptation. Ben Whishaw appears as Ariel with Damon Herriman as Caliban, while Russell Crowe takes a more artistic role as post-*Titanic*.

MELANCHOLIA

DIRECTED BY Lars von Trier **ETA** Spring 2011

News

Lars von Trier's apocalyptic drama has begun filming, with Kiefer Sutherland and Karen Dancu starring alongside Charlotte Gainsbourg, John Hurt and Charlotte Rampling. The macho director describes it as a "psychological disaster movie" just like all his other films, then.

RARE EXPORTS

DIRECTED BY Jarmo Kekkonen **ETA** Christmas 2010

News

While the American studios usually gift us with Christmas outings starring Vince Vaughn, there's something else to look forward to in the holidays. Namely the emerging offering from cult Finnish director Jarmo Kekkonen. The fantasy thriller is based on Helsinki's popular martial arts, and should offer an unusual treat to the festive period.



BLACK SWAN

DIRECTED BY Darren Aronofsky **RUN** Early 2011

Footage Darren Aronofsky's latest will premiere at the Venice Film Festival in September ahead of its early 2011 release. The other actresses, as in the past, will wonder how on Nicole's performance is unfolding.

UNTITLED BATMAN PROJECT

DIRECTED BY Christopher Nolan **RUN** 2012

Footage With Nolan's *Inception* barely out of cinema theaters are already working about a Dark Knight sequel. According to a leaked casting call, the film's villain is likely to be The Riddler. Joseph Gordon-Levitt is said to be interested in the role. We'll believe it when it's confirmed.

SOMEWHERE

DIRECTED BY Sofia Coppola **RUN** December 2012

Footage The under-30 Coppola's long-awaited follow-up to *Marcello Mastroianni* very much under screen is an LA-based answer to *Love in Translation*. It's all pined faces, hotel rooms and end songs on the soundtrack. Will it succeed? Stephen Dill's answer: The answer is probably yes.

LA PIEL QUE HABITO

DIRECTED BY Pedro Almodóvar **RUN** 2011

News The Spanish auteur has begun filming his latest collaboration with one-time muse Penelope Cruz. The psychological drama tells the story of a plastic surgeon who cracks down his daughter's rape and performs a sex change operation on her. Elena Anaya co-stars.

AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS

DIRECTED BY Guillermo del Toro **RUN** 2013

News Having quit *The Hobbit*, del Toro will next take on the magnum opus of his favorite movie producer by none other than James Cameron. The film is based on an 1877 Lovecraft novella about grotesque monsters released in the South Pole during the 1930s. Don't expect a 3D whole thing.

THE GIRL WITH THE DRAGON TATTOO

DIRECTED BY David Fincher **RUN** Summer 2011

Footage David Fincher will play out the story of the controversial Hollywood adaptation of Stieg Larsson's Swedish crime trilogy. The coveted role of Lisbeth Salander has been tagged by the relatively unknown *Reverie* star.

WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT KEVIN

DIRECTED BY Lynne Ramsay **RUN** Spring 2011

News Ramsay has now wrapped on Lynne Ramsay's adaptation of Lionel Shriver's harrowing bestseller starring Tilda Swinton as Eva, the grieving mother of Columbo-style high school shooter Scott (Eiza Miller). Predicted to premiere at next year's Cannes.

RABBIT HOLE

DIRECTED BY John Cameron Mitchell **RUN** Early 2011

News Filming has wrapped on John Cameron Mitchell's adaptation of David Lindsay-Abaire's Pulitzer Prize-winning Broadway play. Nicole Kidman and Aaron Eckhart play the couple grieving for the loss of their child. Advance word is extremely positive, especially for the strongest Kidman's performance.

WAR HORSE

DIRECTED BY Steven Spielberg **RUN** Summer 2011

Footage His screen credit on the back of the success for Spielberg's adaptation of Michael Morpurgo's World War I-era children's book *Emmy Watson*, David Thewlis and Stephen Graham will join newcomer Jeremy Irvine in what is already being classified as a special follow-up to *Empire of the Sun*.

I'M STILL HERE

DIRECTED BY Corey Allen **RUN** January 2011

Footage Also *The Last Air of Jason Phoenix*, Corey Allen's documentary reportedly shows the Glaxo case involving an all sorts of unethical behavior during his year as a head of hip-hop research (on the music industry) in a performance art, an elaborate practical joke, or a case on mental collapse. And who really cares?

TRON: LEGACY

DIRECTED BY Joseph Kosinski **RFA** Christmas 2010
Footage We've seen eight iterations of Keanu from Disney's Christmas offering and it's absolutely killer, with Paul Park making the scene. Expect it to be intense come December.

A SAD TRUMPET BALLAD

DIRECTED BY Alm de la Iglesia **RFA** 2011
News The Spanish director's latest is meant to be a return to form after the disappointing *Oxford Murders*. Set across four decades, the tells the story of two clowns who fall in love with the same corpse actor during the Franco regime.

MIRAL

DIRECTED BY Julian Schnabel **RFA** November 2011
Footage Julian Schnabel's follow-up to *The Diving Bell and the Butterfly* seem to be a return to form, even if it does make political commentary. Our own *Private Piano* plays a Pilsenian teacher who falls in love with a political activist in 1980s Israel. *Piano* acquiesces itself well in the trailer, now online.

NORWEGIAN WOOD

DIRECTED BY Isao Takahata **RFA** July 2011
Footage A 30-second teaser for the adaptation of Haruki Murakami's beloved coming-of-age novel quickly found its way online recently, but gives little away about what to expect. Audiences at the Venice Film Festival will be able to find out more in September.

MONSTERS

DIRECTED BY Gareth Edwards **RFA** Winter 2010
Footage Best director Gareth Edwards' low-budget debut was loved as this year's *District 9* since it premiered at Cannes in the spring. Its trailer, now online, is one of the best we've seen in a while, delivering atmosphere and scares without giving too much away. One to look forward to.

ON THE ROAD

DIRECTED BY Walter Salles **RFA** 2011
News Filming has begun on the adaptation of Jack Kerouac's legendary Beat novel, with our very own Sam Riley as Sal Paradise, and *TRON: Legacy*'s on-the-up actor Gavin Hastings as Dean Moriarty. Keanu Reeves and Kristen Dunst round off the cast.



NEXT ISSUE

Issue in the airfield
Initiating Sequence October 29



E002 020 006



W

"TOY STORY ON ABSINTHE... ONE OF THE YEAR'S
TRUE ORIGINALS" ★★★★★

THEY CAME...
THEY SAW...
THEY PANICKED...

A HAMMER & TONGS PRESENTATION

A TOWN CALLED PANIC

PG

A FILM BY GRANTNICK DUBIN
& ROBERT KATZ



PANIC ATTACKS CINEMAS OCTOBER 8